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Contents

The Week 125

Editorials

Prohibition as an Issue 128
Consolidation or Restraint of Trade? 130
Judges and Juries in Boston 131

General Articles

Whither Mexico? ..... Carleton Beals 133
The Re-Discovery of America—II ... Waldo Frank 136
New Playwrights' Theater ..... Stark Young 139
The Boys in the Back Room ..... Robert Littell 140
Anatole France's Successor ..... Edmund Wilson 141
Art (verse) ..... Robert McBlair 142

Correspondence 143

Reviews of Books

Man and God ..... Robert Morss Lovett 144
Money-Changers in Another Temple .. Bruce Bliven 145
A Reasonable Eugenist ..... Edward Sapir 146
Guideposts to Appreciation .... Rose Mary Fischkin 146
When West Meets East ..... Francis Bowes Sayre 147
Father Mississippi ..... John McClure 148
Archer and Shaw ..... E. W. 148
Recent Fiction ..... T. S. Matthews 149

The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S repetition of his refusal to "run" for the presidency leaves the situation just as it was before, except in one important respect. He is apparently still willing to accept the Republican nomination, if it is offered to him by a practically united party without a contest, but he will not have it on any other terms. There is consequently now no reason why a member of his cabinet should not admit to being a candidate and do what he can to recruit delegates. There is also no reason why such a man should not tell his fellow Republicans where he would stand, as President, on controverted issues. We trust that Mr. Hoover, for instance, will soon adopt this course. The refusal of Mr. Hughes, also, to "run" for the nomination leaves to Mr. Hoover a comparatively clear field in the East and in the South. He will have no one against him except a few favorite sons with very little impulse behind their candidacies. He will have to overcome opposition in the West, but he seems to be developing more strength in that region than the wise men suspected. If Senator Norris puts in his claim for progressive delegates in opposition to Lowden and Dawes, it ought to help Mr. Hoover, who might be induced thereby to emphasize his own somewhat negative progressive propensities. In any event, he is much the best candidate whom the Republicans have any disposition to nominate, and, if nominated and elected, he would restore to the Washington government some of the initiative which it possessed under one or two of Mr. Coolidge's predecessors.

THE most formidable obstacle to Mr. Hoover's nomination will not be any of his frank opponents, but the reluctance of many of the leaders and rank and file of the party to exchange a safe bet like Mr. Coolidge for some much more chancy successor. Thousands of them will hang back and refuse to commit themselves to any candidate in the hope that the Coolidge myth will in the end prevail by virtue of its own irresistible magic. If, by the first of May, neither Mr. Hoover nor any other candidate has developed a sufficiently preponderant strength, and if it begins to look as if there would be a sharp and perhaps a prolonged fight in the convention before anybody is nominated, these tacit Coolidgeites will begin an underground movement in favor of nominating Coolidge without a contest, which might succeed. Those of us, consequently, who would rather see Hoover nominated than Mr. Coolidge renominated hope that Mr. Hoover will begin an aggressive open campaign for delegates and popular support. He is fighting the Coolidge myth as well as Lowden and Dawes, and his best tactics is to be aggressive—that is, to arouse in the Republican party a positive desire to nominate as President a man with more momentum and a better direction to his life and mind than has Mr. Coolidge.

WE now harvest the fruits of Geneva. It is predicted that the Navy will ask an appropriation of a billion dollars in five years, the items being twenty-six ten-thousand-ton cruisers, three aeroplane carriers, five submarines, eighteen destroyers and four new battleships. It is unlikely that Congress will approve this staggering total; the navy men have learned to ask for a great deal and then

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accept as much whittling down as they are forced to. It is also likely that much of this is a paper program intended to give the United States a better bargaining position in any future naval conference. Even if it were carried into effect in its entirety, we should not have exceeded parity with Great Britain, nor violated the ten-year Washington agreements of 1921. Yet it remains true that the building program of the United States is likely to be substantially larger than it would have been if the Geneva conference had been a success. We have enough ships now for every conceivable purpose except a war with Great Britain. Despite their repeated denials that such a thing is "thinkable," our naval men are thinking of nothing else.

THE League's victory in the Polish-Lithuanian dispute is a substantial one, though not as heaven-shaking as the lyrical dispatches from Geneva would suggest. The state of war between the two countries is to come to an end. All the questions at issue between them are to be investigated and, if possible, solved, by the League. On the surface, this represents a victory for Lithuania, which wants to get Vilna back, and lives in terror of being gobbled up *in toto* by Poland. On the other hand, Pilsudski would hardly have dared to indulge in such a coup without first getting the consent of France. What has happened is that the League has done publicly what France and England have, on several occasions, done secretly behind the scenes.

MASSACHUSETTS, which never admitted during the Sacco-Vanzetti case that its judicial system was faulty, now takes steps to remedy the very defect which cost those men their lives. The Judicial Council of the state, an official body appointed to study the organization, procedure and practice of the courts, and recommend changes, has advised that the Supreme Judicial Court should be given the same right enjoyed by appellate courts in other states—New York, for instance—to review facts as well as law. Says the report:

> A single judge of the Superior Court now presides over murder trials and passes not only on questions of law involved in the trial of the indictment, but upon mixed questions of law and fact arising on motions for a new trial. The Supreme Judicial Court on appeal passes only on questions of law. As the verdict on such an indictment involves the issue of life and death, we think the responsibility too great to be thrown upon one man. If he errs in any matter of discretion as distinguished from law, the result is irreparable. Even if he is right, his decisions may be challenged, especially in a time of public excitement and there is no tribunal to establish the fact that he is right. It is vital that our Courts do justice; it is also vital that people know that they do justice.
>
> While the Supreme Court may determine that, as matter of law, there was no evidence of guilt sufficient to warrant the submission of the case to the jury, yet if there was such evidence it is beyond the power of the Supreme Court to pass upon its weight and to hold that the verdict of the jury was not justified upon the facts.

It is true, the Council goes on to say, that decisions of the trial judge upon matters of discretion

> may be reversed if there has been what is called an "abuse" of discretion, that is to say if "no conscientious judge acting intelligently could have honestly taken the view expressed by the trial judge." (See opinion of Wait, J., in Commonwealth v. Sacco, Mass. Adv. Sh. 1927, pp. 626-627.) It is needless to say that such an abuse will so rarely be found by the Supreme Court to have existed that there is no real appeal from that judicial act.
>
> It follows that the final decision of many of the most important questions which arise in connection with a murder trial, as in other cases, is committed so far as the courts are concerned to a single judge of the Superior Court. An unjust decision by him upon such a question can be redressed by the governor and council alone, upon an application for a pardon or commutation of the sentence.

From no source has come a stronger indictment of the judicial system under which Sacco and Vanzetti were done to death than this one penned by an official body of the state of Massachusetts. It rings as an ironic requiem across their graves. What now becomes of the statements of Dean Wigmore and others that Massachusetts procedure as it stands is altogether adequate to insure justice?

THE Senate could hardly do otherwise than to investigate the charges which have been made by the Hearst newspapers in a series of documents which they claim were taken from the Mexican archives. The latest allegation, that $1,200,000 had been paid as bribes to an intermediary supposed to represent four United States Senators, was too serious to be overlooked. We hope the special committee will not rest until it has got to the bottom of the whole business and established the truth or falsity of these and other charges. Among the allegations made by Mr. Hearst are:

> That bribes of $25,000 each were paid to the editors of two American magazines, and $50,000 to the editor of a feature service.
>
> That $100,000 was sent to the British coal miners to aid them in their strike.
>
> That $100,000 was sent to Russia and $50,000 more to the Chinese Nationalists.
>
> That a treaty was proposed to Japan whereby Japanese emigrants to Mexico and Nicaragua would be aided on condition that they would bear arms for Mexico.
>
> That a secret treaty was made with Sacasa under which he repudiated the plan for an American canal through Nicaragua.

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Whether these documents are genuine is for the Senate committee to say. Some of the earlier ones, stating Mexico was supporting the Sacasa revolution, sound fairly probable. Others seem fantastic. It is particularly hard to believe that if anything of the sort indicated were going on, President Calles would have left a complete, open and official record of it in the files, where it could be stolen. Only one well known American had been mentioned in the documents up to the time the Senate committee stepped in. This was Dr. Ernest Gruening, editor of the Portland, Maine, Evening News, whom the Hearst documents accuse of having been Calles' go-between with the British miners. Dr. Gruening denies all the statements about himself, categorically. He has brought one suit for $500,000 for libel against the New York American, and announces similar suits against all the other papers which printed the allegation. Since this development, Mr. Hearst has adopted the timid device of printing the documents with the names left out. We take it for granted the Senate will force him to supply all omitted names and either prove his allegations or retract them.

TWO young Italians are on trial in New York City in a case which many persons believe threatens a parallel to the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy. Their names are Calogero Greco and Donato Carillo, and the crime of which they are accused is the murder of two other Italians, Joseph Carisi and Nicholas Amorroso, members of a Fascist organization, on Memorial Day, 1927. Those interested in the defense charge that efforts are being made by Italian Fascisti resident in the United States to railroad Greco and Carillo to the electric chair. The one eye-witness of the murders (which took place on an elevated railway platform) was a fifth Italian named Caldora, a Fascist and a friend of one of the murdered men. It is said that the strongest pressure has been brought upon Caldora to perjure himself and identify Greco and Carillo as the murderers, though he insists they were not present. Writing in his anti-Fascist newspaper, Il Martello, Carlo Tresca charges that the Fascist League of America is seeking a conviction of Greco and Carillo by fair means or foul, in order to satisfy Mussolini's demands for vengeance. Tresca also charges the Fascist organization with responsibility for a bomb explosion which killed two men at a meeting of anti-Fascists in New York a year ago. He invites the Fascists and Count Thaon di Revel, their leader, to sue him for libel so that the proofs which he claims to have may be made a part of the court record. The Greco-Carillo defense is being conducted by Clarence Darrow, who has associated with him Arthur Garfield Hayes and Isaac Shorr. It is to be hoped that, whatever the outcome, no doubt may be left that justice has been done. America cannot afford another Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy.

GOVERNOR SMITH has suggested to the New York State Crime Commission a drastically different system for dealing with persons convicted of a felony. He would set up an expert board, whose members would receive high salaries, to determine the sentences in these cases. They would examine the men and decide whether they should go to the penitentiary or an insane asylum; and in the former event, what the term of imprisonment should be, and whether parole should be granted. This suggestion is, in general, in line with the best thought of experts in penology and abnormal psychology, who agree that what can best be done with any prisoner should only be decided after close and expert study of his particular case. It is opposed by those who support harsh, automatic measures like the Baumes laws, and call the alternative method "coddling." The Governor's suggestion is, of course, only a stop-gap. Our system of criminal procedure needs revision from top to bottom. We need a new concept of the aims of justice, and a much better quality of personnel in the lower courts. The psychiatrist ought to come upon the scene far earlier than Governor Smith proposes—indeed, as soon as an arrest has been made. However, his suggestion gives the quickest and least expensive way of doing away with the worst of the present evils.

NO more shocking instance of judicial inhumanity has been seen in years than the case of Russell Tremain. As our readers will remember, two years ago Russell, then aged nine, was taken from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tremain, by order of Judge W. P. Brown of Bellingham, Washington, on the ground that they were unfit to have him in their care. As members of a pacifist religious sect, they refused to permit him to salute the flag, which is compulsory for all public school children, under a state law. For two years, Russell has not seen his father and mother, and for much of that time they have been kept in ignorance of his whereabouts. We are glad to report that this outrageous injustice has now been brought to an end. Judge E. E. Hardin of the Superior Court has overturned Judge Brown's ruling, and issued an order restoring the boy to his parents. He will probably be put in a private school where flag exercises are not required. This common-sense solution might have been reached two years ago, and the state of Washington spared a world-wide ignominy had not the sadistic impulses of the officials smothered their sense of justice.

THE cases of Smith and Vare provide room for an honest difference of opinion among honest men. They obtained their nominations by the expenditure of vast sums of money, and there is no doubt that morally they are unfit to serve. On the other hand, there is no proof, such as a court could accept, that actual fraud was committed; and the Supreme

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Court in 1921 declared unconstitutional the law limiting the sum spent in the effort to obtain a nomination. Section 5 of Article I of the Constitution says that "each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members," but those who believe Smith and Vare should be seated argue that this clause refers merely to the questions of honest elections and proper technical qualifications. Their contention is that the people of any state have a right to send to the Senate whomever they please. If, after the scandalous expenditures in the primaries were well known, the voters of Pennsylvania and Illinois still preferred Vare and Smith, and properly elected them, the Senate has no right to nullify the voters' selection. If it were to do so, the precedent thus created would be a dangerous one, since a future Senate might reject a properly elected man on the ground of radicalism, or for some other equally unjust reason.

RECOGNIZING the weight of these arguments, the New Republic nevertheless believes that wise public policy requires that the Senate should reject Smith and Vare. The most pressing public question in the United States today is control of public institutions by wealth. Vast expenditures, whether in primary or election, mean that political place is in fact bought, even though no actual fraud may be committed. This fact forced Newberry out of the Senate, though he spent only $195,000 as against Smith's $300,000 and Vare's $785,000. It is difficult to see how the precedent created by a refusal to accept such political debauchery could be used against someone who was obnoxious to the majority of the Senate because of his political views. But in any case, it is a risk which, in the New Republic's opinion, must be taken. If Smith and Vare were seated and allowed to serve, all bars would then be down. Any millionaire, or tool of millionaires, could buy his seat, merely being careful to make his heaviest expenditures in the primaries and avoid overt acts of corruption.

Prohibition as an Issue

SIR: The New Republic frequently remarks the dearth of ideas, the absence of discussion of issues, in the pending presidential campaign. I should think that anyone who knows an idea at sight would agree with you in all but in *this:* namely, that you make no exception nor advertisement of Senator Borah's move to put committal to Prohibition Enforcement into the campaign. To be sure, Mr. Borah is not (alas!) a candidate—but he is not quite inconsiderable as an influence; his effort is perhaps not one that you are in sympathy with, yet I do not see how it can be called any less than an *idea.* Can a "journal of opinion" do more to enhance the status of the *idea* in politics than by at least pointing the finger toward each such—as (or if) it emerges—even at an unpopular one?

You express disaffection for the blindness or the inertia which avoids an idea in order to avoid a disturbance of things as they are. Shall I appear to you impertinent if—in the same spirit as yours—I tell you that there are those who feel similarly disappointed in your preoccupation with economic issues when a moral issue is crying out for a champion; that—just as you regret the passing of the days when a political conflict was resolved in violent public discussion and finally in war itself—exactly so do others regret the days when the moral issue at the heart of that conflict found its least equivocal expression in a certain "journal of opinion."

Can you honestly contend that there is a shadow of difference between the reasonableness or the difficulty of the prohibition of slavery and the reasonableness or the difficulty of the prohibition of liquor except that you happen to be living in a section of the country that for selfish reasons is particularly unwilling to admit the latter—whereas someone else was so located in the earlier struggle?

I feel with you that the sluggish, the inert, the fast asleep—are generally unlovely, and I think that their unloveliness bulks large in proportion as they are expected to be awake. When a fat and benighted old political boss, or his tool, the unenlightened voter, can't be prodded up, it's a pity; when professed intellectuals miss the light, it is the supreme calamity.

In short, my feeling is that if the New Republic is so anxious for the good old days when presidential elections were tied up with terrific questions of right and wrong and the travail of bringing them to birth—then the New Republic has only (if I may say so) to take its coat and collar off.

Why not change your name to the *New Liberator?*

RUTH GEORGE.

P. S. And let's draft Borah.

THE New Republic agrees with Miss George in attaching a great deal of importance to Senator Borah's attempt to project the enforcement of the prohibition law into the presidential campaign. We said as much most emphatically last year when the Senator started to arouse his fellow countrymen to a sense of its importance. The existence in the Constitution of a rule concerning a matter of popular conduct, which is being challenged by general disobedience, which is being dubiously enforced by officials who, in a majority of cases, themselves disobey it, and which at present is as far from being modified or repealed as it is from being enforced, is a moral and political anachronism of the first magnitude. In the circumstances, it is absurd to expect the American body politic to recover its health, or the American people to take a wholesome and remunerative interest in other issues. Prohibition is the red herring which is always distracting their political attention, but upon which they are helpless to focus.

The New Republic would elect, if it could, to have the issue of prohibition in its various aspects dominate the campaign of next year. We would like to see Senator Borah and Gifford Pinchot nominated by the Republicans on a platform of ruthless enforcement, carried out with the whole power of

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the federal government, and Nicholas Murray Butler and Henry L. Mencken nominated by the Democrats on a platform calling for the repeal of the administrative provisions of the Volstead Act. But our preferences in this matter do not count any more than Miss George's. The politicians will not, if they can help it, allow the issues of prohibition and its enforcement to come to a decisive popular vote in a presidential election. They are terrified by its wholly incalculable effects on the party regularity of ordinary Democrats and Republicans. They consented to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment in the hope of disposing of prohibition finally as a source of local political irregularity, and they would regard the revival of the issue and its projection into national politics as equivalent to the suicide of the two existing parties. They have greeted and will continue to greet any effort in that direction with a conspiracy of indifference and silence. Borah has not at present a chance to rush their defenses. His failure provides a fresh illustration of the New Republic's contention that the nation is organized and operated at present to suppress vital political discussion.

There are, however, causes at work, deeper than the politician's dread of its destructive effect on party discipline, to account for the exclusion of prohibition from national politics. The American ruling class of educated and well-to-do people are double-faced in their attitude toward the question. A few of them obey the law and are entitled to force others to obey it. They are consistent and usually admirable people, who demand its rigorous administration with a clear conscience, who are deeply troubled by the existing nullification of the law, and who are searching for some way to mitigate the evil. But even these people, together with the less wealthy church-goers in the small towns who brought about adoption of the Amendment, are rarely prepared to go through with a policy of enforcement. It is perfectly clear that nothing less than federal police courts, a largely increased federal police and a system of spying and domiciliary searches can possibly stamp out the existing disobedience. The thorough-going prohibitionists shrink from proposing such measures. They realize that, if they invoked the full powers of the federal government to compel obedience, they would destroy the balance between state and federal power and enormously intensify and spread the existing popular resentment against prohibition. Senator Borah himself, while he discourses energetically about enforcement in general, does not propose any program of legislation to strengthen the Volstead Act. In view of the fact that he is a convinced advocate of preserving the "rights" of the states intact, we do not see how he could very well favor the aggrandizement to this extent of the federal government. On the other hand, if he is unwilling to back up his agitation with an administrative program which would have some chance of enforcing prohibition, what reality is there to his proclamation of the issue?

Any insincerity, however, on the part of the thorough-going prohibitionists with respect to the enforcement of the law is mild and inoffensive compared to that of the vast mass of responsible American business and professional men. Many of this class favored the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, and still refuse to consider the revision of the Volstead Act or the modification of the constitutional provision. They do not object to the existing administration of the law, which in practice enables them to get what they want to drink but which diminishes the amount of alcoholism among the poorer hand-laborers. They regard it as a reasonable compromise. Unlike the "common people," they are not at all interested in projecting the issue into a presidential campaign.

The resulting deadlock will never be broken by an agitation such as that of Senator Borah. He is laboring to manufacture a national political issue out of the successful defiance of the law. He points an accusing finger at the deliberate "nullification," and calls for its suppression. But the enforcement of the law cannot, if it is to be starred as a political issue, be divorced from the wisdom of the law and the intensity and spread of the popular hostility to it. Prohibitionists who seek to make an issue out of enforcement without raising at the same time the question of the modification or repeal of the existing law can win an easy rhetorical victory, but it would have nothing to do with the realities, in relation to prohibition, of political conflict and of human motive. Millions of individuals disobey the law, partly because they do not feel it binding on their consciences, and partly because they realize vaguely that only by disobedience can they discredit it. Most of them would jump at the chance to vote about prohibition, but very few of them are particularly interested in voting about prohibition enforcement. Those who disobey it are acting as if the law did not exist, in order to get a chance to vote against it. Their disobedience of the law, which they commit, usually with impunity, is their one sure way of reopening the question of what a sound national policy is with respect to the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

Miss George asks us whether we "can honestly contend that there is a shadow of difference between the reasonableness and difficulty of the prohibition of slavery and the reasonableness and difficulty of the prohibition of liquor." There are, to our mind, many essential differences between the two prohibitions, but, from the point of view of the present discussion, it is enough to insist on only one. Prohibition of slavery does prohibit. Prohibition of liquor does not. She would like to make a stirring moral issue out of the prohibition of liquor and its violation, but when the law interferes in a region of conduct whose consequences are, to a large extent, personal and private, the political and the moral get

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mixed up in a way that prevents either from functioning wholesomely. A generation ago, American Protestant Christianity finally admitted its impotence to abate the evils of alcoholism by the exercise of its moral authority over the conduct of professing Christians. Defeated in its own sphere, it appealed to the state to force temperance on people by law, and in this region its campaign passed from one success to another, until it finally attempted and officially succeeded in accomplishing by political command what it could not accomplish by persuasion or moral authority. Prohibition and its enforcement have, consequently, by the act of the clergy become an essentially political question which will be fought with political weapons to a political conclusion. There will be appeals to moral authority on both sides, but without avail. Sensible prohibitionists should recognize that, if a law is adopted which arouses widespread popular resistance and can be challenged only by being nullified, its enemies will not hesitate to do what they can to nullify it. The answer to nullification is not moral exhortation, but the grim and ruthless enforcement of the law.

The prohibitionists can always break the deadlock, if they will, by equipping the federal government with power to compel the law-nullifying communities into law-obedience. But for reasons which we have already indicated, they draw back. Playing, as they are, a political game, they prefer to imitate Mr. Coolidge and the political realists in pretending that the question is settled. If they make too much fuss about the moral issue of non-enforcement, they may only endanger the continuance of political prohibition. By refraining from being too zealous about enforcing the law, they keep those who are disobeying it for political purposes at a political disadvantage. It is as awkward for political agitators against prohibition, particularly if they are executive officials like Governor Smtih, to campaign candidly against prohibition as it is for the prohibitionists to insist on the enforcement of the law. A citizen can nullify a law in his own private conduct, with the understanding that such nullification is itself a necessary form of political protest, but if he happens to be the governor of a state and is seeking the presidency, he cannot talk frankly in public about the theory on which he is acting. The American people would shrink from electing another candidate to the presidency who might conceivably imitate Mr. Harding in permitting the Department of Justice to become a bootlegger's refuge. Prohibition is rapidly converting American political leaders into a flock of hypocrites. The anti-prohibitionists do not dare to discuss from the platform the logic of their own disreputable conduct. The prohibitionists do not dare to take advantage of the sinister fact that the very essence of anti-prohibitionism is the violation of the law. For both factions it is certainly the hell of a story to tell the captain.

Consolidation or Restraint of Trade?

ALTHOUGH it is seven years since the passage of the Transportation Act, with its essential feature of voluntary consolidation of railroads into a small number of large systems, consolidations on a large scale have not taken place. In spite of much interest in the subject and numerous projects presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission, none of major importance has been approved. The act, of course, contemplated consolidation as a measure in the public interest, and placed control over it with the Commission in order to make sure that the public interest would be served. Evidently the larger projects which have prospered well enough to come before the Commission have had other motives, not wholly in accord with public interest. For this reason, we take special note of one of the Commission's new recommendations for legislation on this subject to the effect that acquisition of control by one railroad over another, by any means, be forbidden without the Commission's consent.

It is important to remember the situation existing before the Transportation Act. The "anti-trust" laws then applied to railroads, as to other industries. Combinations in restraint of trade, acquisition of control of one competitor by another, were forbidden. There was good reason for this prohibition. Stock-jobbing deals, the control of a competing road in order to injure it or to exercise monopolistic privilege, had been all too frequent. The Transportation Act of 1920 did not give the carriers a general exemption from these provisions. It did not say—go ahead and combine all you like, in any way you like. It merely recognized that combinations might be devised which would improve railroad credit and service, and so exempted the railroads from the anti-trust laws in such specific cases as might meet with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. From what one reads in the current literature of the subject, one might infer that any possible railroad combination is now both legal and desirable. This inference would be as unjustified as the old one that any railroad combination was undesirable, as well as illegal.

The necessity for forbidding any railroad from acquiring a controlling interest in another without permission may be illustrated by the recent fortunes of the St. Louis Southwestern. For years that road had been controlled by Mr. Edwin Gould. In 1925 he sold his interest to the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. The latter road, after purchasing additional stock, then applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to acquire the control of the Southwestern—in other words, to do what it had already done. An examiner for the Commission reported adversely.

Without waiting for the full report of the Com-

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mission, the Rock Island then sold its holdings, at a profit, to the Kansas City Southern. The bankers of this road acquired additional stock. The Kansas City Southern, in order to help finance its purchase, then sold its holdings to the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, retaining voting rights. This passing around of the controlling interest in one railroad among its competitors occurred in connection with application to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a consolidation of the roads in question, backed by Mr. Loree, who controlled the two purchasing roads. It occurred in advance of a decision by the Commission on that proposed consolidation. The Commission decided against the plan. Nevertheless, the St. Louis Southwestern is still controlled by the other two roads and their bankers.

The reason publicly advanced for the acquisition of control is that it was in furtherance of the general intention of Congress to bring about consolidations, that the consolidations, if permitted, could not well be brought about without the advance purchase of stock. Shareholders would hold out for a higher price if they knew the consolidation was to be made, and had been authorized. This contention is dubious, in view of the fact that all parties to a consolidation, if they have equal knowledge of its imminence, ought to be able to agree on terms fair to all. Consolidation may be brought about not only by stock purchase, but by purchase of assets or interchange of securities.

The evils of allowing control in advance of authorization appear to be much more substantial. Minority stock-holders of the St. Louis Southwestern contend that in this case the road has been injured in numerous ways during the period of its control by competitors. Traffic has been diverted from its lines to them. Needed improvements have not been made. Although profits have been ample, no dividends have been declared. This may be in pursuance of a plan to freeze out the minority owners. At any rate, no fair offer has been made to them. And, in addition, there is evidence that the banking interests, knowing in advance that consolidation was to be proposed, bought stock for their own account and that of their customers, selling it at a profit as the news of the proposal became spread abroad and the stock rose. With such motives effective, it is easy for inside interests to plan consolidations and gain by their proposal, regardless of any possible public advantage of the merger, and regardless even of its possible authorization. The Transportation Act now merely revives practices forbidden by the anti-trust laws.

It would seem that the acquisition of control of one road by a competitor, in advance of permission by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is already unlawful under the Sherman and Clayton Acts. Doubtless the Commission, in recommending new legislation on the subject, wants to have the record absolutely clear. Perhaps it also wants to prevent stock-jobbing practices under the excuse of attempted consolidation, even where the roads concerned are not strictly competitors. Surely its power to protect the public in the matter is shadowy, if railroads may go ahead, as they have been doing, to purchase and hold controlling interests, regardless of its decisions. It remains to be seen whether voluntary consolidations, made genuinely for better operation in the public interest, are possible.

Judges and Juries in Boston

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case furnished a background for two cases which were heard on appeal before the Superior Court of Boston during the week of November 28. These cases originated in the lower court during the ten days preceding the execution of the two men last August, being arrests made by the police for alleged penal violations by sympathizers of the cause.

The more important of the two was the trial of Powers Hapgood and Cosmo Carvotti on three charges: speaking on Boston Common without a permit, assault and battery on a policeman, and rioting on the Common. The Court would not allow the two men to be tried separately, although the defense showed clearly that each acted independently and indeed was unknown to the other until after their joint arrest. The State tried to show that members of the Defense Committee conspired together to defy the law which forbids speech-making on the Common without a permit, intending also to resist arrest and provoke a riot on the part of the crowd gathered there, the whole being an attempt to protest with force and violence against the government's intention to execute the men. Witnesses for the government were all policemen, each of whom gave the necessary amount of incriminating testimony to secure a conviction. Witnesses for the defense were nearly all friends of the cause. The story which emerged from their testimony was that Hapgood alone had the intent to make a speech on the Common, that he tried to get a permit but was refused one, that he went to the Common, where there was a large crowd gathered, to announce that he had failed to get a permit, and that he then went on to state his purpose in making a speech and was immediately arrested. He went along peaceably with the police, but continued to talk to the crowd which followed him.

The jury deliberated for twenty-three hours, after a charge by the judge which made conviction on all three counts seem the only reasonable result. Whatever his biases, and we now know that judges have biases, the presiding judge so defined the terms of the various indictments that if Hapgood was guilty of opening his mouth without a permit to speak (which nobody could deny), and Carvotti so much as touched a policeman, and the crowd in any way expressed its approval of the defendants and its disapproval of the arrest, Hap-

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good *and* Carvotti were both guilty on all three charges.

Yet the jury, which was reported in the press as having been divided nine to three for acquittal from the start, resisted Judge Jones' inescapable logic and found only Hapgood guilty of speaking without a permit; on the other two charges they returned a sealed verdict of disagreement.

The second case was that of eight picketers who marched with placards in front of the State House on the fatal day. Two of these were charged with "obstructing foot traffic"; the other six with "sauntering and loitering." A single policeman was relied upon to show that pedestrians were prevented from walking on the same sidewalk with the picketers, although the latter walked in single file on the edge of the curb, at a pace which was variously described as from two to three miles an hour. It was easily shown by the defense counsel on cross-examination that the police themselves prevented pedestrians from using that side of the street, herding people on the opposite side, where they were allowed to "loiter" indefinitely to watch the arrests being made. The marchers were moving at all times, exercising in a dignified way their right of peaceful persuasion.

The prosecution made little effort in this case, evidently relying on the fact that the second jury had sat in the court-room during the earlier trial and had been well soaked in the atmosphere of suspicion with which the prosecuting attorney saturated that case. Indeed, it is a tribute to the jury's detachment that they were able to pick out of the enveloping haze the few facts relevant to a judgment. After deliberating a number of hours, they returned a verdict of "not guilty" for all eight defendants.

Both verdicts may fairly be considered surprising, in view of the present state of public feeling in Boston. Nothing succeeds like success, and Sacco and Vanzetti, whether innocent or guilty before sentence was carried out, are now guilty because they are dead. Public opinion is congealed, inert, or otherwise engaged. Respectability is with Mr. Lowell, and those who desire above everything else in life to be respectable have managed to forget their former doubts.

The cause, which is the vindication of the names of Sacco and Vanzetti, has suffered a defeat, and in those quarters where once it was discredited, it is now despised. Yet there are elements in the community, even outside of the small group most closely identified with the Defense Committee, who remain unconvinced and unstampeded. They believe in Sacco and Vanzetti as firmly as ever and more securely. They know that they have on their side only time, but in that they place their hope. They believe that the end of the Sacco-Vanzetti case has not been seen. Truth will in the end prevail. And so they received the verdicts of these two juries three months after the event, when the "excitement" is considered to be "over," with surprise and joy. What do they mean? Is it merely a gesture by those who, having accomplished their main purpose, feel they can afford the appearance of magnanimity? Is it well calculated expediency, to put an end as quickly as possible to a disagreeable subject? Neither hypothesis is supported by the manner in which the trials were conducted. No attempt was made to shove the larger issues out of sight, to blur outlines or conceal hostility. The prosecution leaned with all its weight on the old familiar superstition in regard to the Defense Committee, that it is an organization of countless numbers, vast resources and tireless energy, organized to the last degree and plotting continuously to overthrow the government of Massachusetts by force and violence. In this case, the picture is not mere legal fireworks to confuse and terrify the jury. It is believed quite unquestioningly by a large part of Boston and Massachusetts. If there was present in the court-room any disposition, not, of course, to forgive, but to forget, it was not evidenced by any of the official representatives of the state, high or low. The juries were representative samples of the community, mostly Irish, with a rare Italian, Jew, Scandinavian or straight Yankee. What moved them? Did they think these fellows had had enough punishment? Had they known the police in other cases to misuse their authority? Were they moved at all by the words of Daniel Webster or of William Lloyd Garrison quoted by Mr. Hayes, counsel for the defense? Or roused by his plea to defend those liberties guaranteed by the Constitution which have been threatened by the cynicism of these later years? Or did they see beneath the flamboyant decoration of the district attorney's emotion, the quiet outlines of the story of the efforts of a few friends of Sacco and Vanzetti to save them from an undeserved death? Answers to these questions may become clearer if the charges against Hapgood, on which there was disagreement, are ever tried again, or when Mary Donovan's trial for inciting to riot comes up in the near future.

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Whither Mexico?

GOVERNMENT by official execution of civilians, without trial, even though they be terrorists, is difficult to condone. It cannot be condoned in Mexico, in spite of the fact that the administration which practises it has scarcely emerged from a severe struggle to maintain its stability. The firing squad may be the only argument understood by insurrectionary militarists, devoid of patriotism or humanity, such as those who followed Gomez or Serrano. Nevertheless, even rebels are customarily given a trial.

Every constitutional and humanitarian guarantee was violated in the case of the four civilians, members of the Catholic League of Religious Defense, one of them a priest, who were alleged to have hurled the dynamite bomb at Alvaro Obregon's auto in Chapultepec Park and to have engaged in shipping ammunition in egg cases (heavy eggs!) to the "Hail, Christ the King" rebels in the states of Michoacan and Jalisco. The shooting of the supposed malefactors, within less than forty-eight hours of their arrest, on mere police accusation of guilt, makes one less critical because American "justice" sometimes delays seven years in a Sacco-Vanzetti case. The day prior to the execution, the Mexico City press carried, side by side, statements in which the prisoners declared their innocence and the police counter-charges that the sworn *actos* and the search of the men's homes conclusively proved criminal participation. The same day that these accounts were published, the mother of the youngest of the accused brought him breakfast; at noon she brought lunch to his dead body. A court restraining order arrived fifteen minutes after the four were shot.

As a result, universal doubt has been cast on their guilt, and a hundred rumors set afloat that the government hastened to assassinate them in order to conceal the real culprits. Probably local public opinion has not been so shocked since the assassination of Madero and Piño Suarez by the underlings of Huerta; but all criticism has been stifled by the iron-clad censorship maintained by the government over all newspapers and cable service, and the fear engendered by the recent arbitrary deportation of prominent Mexican editorial writers. This flashlight violence—comparable, in my mind, to the Matteotti murder—must be stigmatized as a tactical stupidity and a moral blot on an administration which has, on the whole, been energetic, far-sighted, and constructive. Proper trial, embodying proof of guilt, would have caused the world to recoil from the spectacle of a Christian priest who had attempted murder. As it is, another martyr has been added to the Church calendar, and has been buried with the Pope's blessing.

Unfortunately, this deplorable incident is not an isolated one. It is the culmination of a long train of official acts, resulting from the conflict with the Church. In previous New Republic articles, I pointed out how in Guadalajara (and similar occurrences were reported from many other places) the military, commanded by General Ferreira, had executed some ten Catholic citizens, arbitrarily and without trial, including the well known lawyer, Anacleto Gonzalez Flores. This act caused the Catholics to take their equally unjustifiable reprisal of the Jalisco train attack, in which 150 innocent persons were shot or burned alive in the cars. This reprisal, in turn, precipitated additional official crimes.

Everywhere in the country, unprincipled politicians, taking advantage of the abnormal situation, have seized political enemies, and any wealthy Catholics they could catch, and have held them in jail, often without charges, until they have ransomed themselves. This practice reached its worst proportions in the capital itself, where the police (under the command of General Roberto Cruz, who in person gave the signal for the recent executions) have arrested hundreds of Catholics, and, without any trial other than police inquisition, have assessed fabulous fines, or shipped them off to the terrible penal islands, Las Islas Marias. To nip a scandal over police theft of property from the homes of arrested Catholics, President Calles, some five months ago, hastily ordered the release of all "religious" prisoners and the return of those deported to the Islands, and for a short interval these abuses were halted.

Such injustices are traditional and explicable in a country in which the "outs" have never been accustomed to any civil guarantees; they are expected, from the subordinates who seek chiefly to line their pockets, and have been schooled in such skullduggery from generation to generation. But the recent executions occurred under the very eyes of the Executive. Though General Cruz has outdone the Diaz killers in the application of the *Ley de Fuga* to offenders of every category, he would scarcely have dared to perpetrate these illegal, unjustifiable executions, without the sanction of President Calles. The latter has certainly indicated no displeasure. Calles, who has defended his war against the Church as a non-discriminatory, necessary enforcement of the religious provisions of the 1917 Constitution, must shoulder the responsibility for these deeds.

Paradoxical as it may sound after this caustic criticism, Calles has, on the whole, acted most effectively and wisely, when he has rigorously followed the precept, "One State, one Law, one

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Church." Though certain forces of popular control have developed in Mexico during the 1910-27 revolutionary period, fundamentally, the machinery, psychology, and practice of democracy do not exist. Elections in Mexico are still equal to the square root of minus "x." Most elections, when not fixed beforehand, consist of stealing ballot-boxes, to an accompaniment of pistol shots and broken heads. The side which collects most urns and fewest mortalities declares its candidates elected, subject to ratification by the Big Boss higher up—governor, general, or president.

Mexico hasn't the racial homogeneity desirable to aid the mass genuflections of democracy. It has too great a diversity of social classes, too many warring economic ingredients. It has no strait-jacket education, hence no Ford-part minds. The result, of course, is inefficient popular organization. Mexico lacks the first essential of a functioning political democracy *à la* the United States—the political party, unless this role may be filled by the new Labor party, and the National Agrarian party, the only sideshows not run by the main-circus militarists. The popular will has ever worked toward its fulfillment through the progress of a Juggernaut, not through the freedom of citizens dancing around in white hoods or sticking ballots into boxes on election days.

Thus, Obregon and Calles have been trying to create a modern Mexican State, to implant a new legal system, to guarantee a new international status, all with the aid of treacherous, anachronistic instruments—the Hydra-headed feudal army and the medieval bureaucracy. The task has been doubly difficult in a transition period. Political control, toward the close of the Diaz epoch, had almost disappeared. The old props, church landholders and Creole aristocracy, had been weakened. The inrush of foreign capital completed the undermining process. Foreign capital provided, not a governing substitute, but an unruly *deus ex machina*. The revolution of Madero came because Diaz crumbled at a time when the whole center of economic and political gravity was shifting; when the modern Socialist movement was agitating the world-mind; when old creeds were perishing; when the prestige of the Church was waning; when land-tenure was being complicated by wholesale land-seizures from the village commons or *ejidos*, seizures entailing all the misery of the similar nineteenth-century English seizures; when industrialism was injecting into the social organism the virus of a new, non-regulated, rampant, and predatory activity.

The void in political control is only beginning to be filled. But the new props are still puny alongside the traditional military institution, which ever divides and redivides into warring cliques. Calles has only partially provided the first requisite of a functioning and stable dictatorship, i. e., a coherent, reliable, semi-popular military force. Modern military force, to be effective, must be imbued with and unified by an idea of some sort: "democracy," "the class-struggle," "nationalism," what not. Calles has been herculean in disciplining the army; the recent Gomez-Serrano rebellion has assisted in the purging—but the idea is still lacking. Perhaps stability in Mexico under the present regime can only be achieved by the creation of an entirely new army corps to overbalance the old—an army with a coined phrase on its tongue. This was Calles' original preëlection project, which was never carried out.

In spite of an inadequate governing mechanism, Calles has driven ahead with his Justinian concept of "One State, one Church, one Law." His "Church" has been the C. R. O. M. (Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor), moving gradually away from Marx and Sorel toward national syndicalism. His process is somewhat similar to that used to create nationalism in the United States, complicated in Mexico's case by greater geographical obstacles, greater foreign pressure, greater race, class, and cultural schisms. The movement is similar, protective laws for capital, a tariff, etc.; conservation of resources, *à la* Roosevelt and Pinchot; the evolving of a regulated native capitalism in contrast to the wild-cat Diaz expansion controlled by foreigners.

Hence, at times, an exaggerated spirit of anti-foreignism. Hence financial retrenchment to create a strong State; hence the 1917 Constitution; hence the demand for a new international status, with respect for Mexican sovereignty, at whatever odds; hence the *rapprochement* with Latin America, especially Central America, through the sending of friendly missions, subsidizing the press, interchange of students and professors, the promotion of international athletic meets; the development of improved communications, telegraph, wireless, improved railway facilities, subsidized steamship lines—all in the hopes of making secure Mexican sovereignty and economic independence in the face of probable outbursts by the industrial and financial power of the capitalists of the United States.

There are contradictory notes. If Calles obstructs the inrush of foreign capital, before there is a proper self-protective national mechanism, he weakens his "Church"—his official organized labor movement, the C. R. O. M. and Labor party. Paradoxically, this depends for its increase in wages and in power, in what has hitherto been a semi-colonial country, upon the rapid expansion of capitalistic development. The more predatory the labor organization becomes, the smaller the capital increase. This has been happening in Mexico. An equilibrium has been reached; the present Labor party has already passed the zenith of its political power.

At this doubtful juncture, the rural worker, the

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campesino, who has known only the rifle as an argument, now wakes up to other possibilities. He begins to organize, desirous of emulating the city proletariat. The Agrarian revolution, which furnished the real power for the 1910-17 overturn, for the first time really begins to take form. Enter Obregon, with agrarian support, instead of that of the military and labor groups. His leading campaigners, these past six months, have been the ex-Zapatista, Antonio Diaz Soto y Gama of the National Agrarian party; Aurelio Manrique and Uruslo Galvan of the National Peasants' League; and Hernan Laborde, of the Transport Confederation.

The last group logically fits in either with the city proletariat or the peasant group, and chooses the latter, having long and bitterly hated the C. R. O. M. Soto y Gama, during Calles' administration, refused to bend the knee to Luis N. Morones and the C. R. O. M. and lead the peasants into the official fold, and has hence been seriously at outs with the present government. Aurelio Manrique was ousted by Calles, in an arbitrary and unfair manner, from the governorship of San Luis Potosi. Hernan Laborde was a leader of the rail strike which Morones and Calles broke; he was jailed, and went on hunger-strike. All are bitter enemies of the C. R. O. M. Hence Calles will go out—if at all—on the ebb-tide, with the C. R. O. M. The only hope of survival for the Labor party as a potent political organization resides in converting itself, even more than in the past, into something like an Italian collaborating *corporazione,* which would be part of the more regulated advance of capitalistic development, and completely servile to Obregon.

A gulf is thus seen to yawn between the Calles and Obregon positions. Theoretically, Obregon and Calles are the gold-dust twins of the regime; and indeed, they never coöperated better. But Obregon, viewing the political horizon with his sure instinct, has shown himself still to be the real ruler of Mexico—barring accidents. The capture and execution of Gomez and Serrano may be considered the real election of Obregon. But the prompt crushing of the revolt also released the disparate elements of the regime itself from the pressing menace of armed reactionary movement. And so the rift between the official C. R. O. M. and Labor party, and the younger, more vigorous, and rising agrarian groups, is rapidly taking shape. In spite of the thorough agreement of Calles and Obregon on church and international questions, the center of gravity of each is now in a radically different grouping.

A "League of Revolutionary Defense" has now been formed, headed by Soto y Gama, Aurelio Manrique, and Hernan Laborde, and others of similar affiliations, largely peasants, who are being placed upon a militant basis for the purpose of direct action and violent reprisal against the Knights of Columbus, League of Religious Defense, militarists of the 1923 and 1927 revolts, and any others who may be considered "enemies of the revolution." The organization specifically declares it will take no part in difficulties between elements composing the revolution proper—a significant disclaimer. The members of the new militant organization will be popularly styled the "White Shirt Guard" because of the white "pyjamas" worn all over Mexico by the peasants. The present administration controls the old-line army and the Labor party, but Obregon controls the agrarian forces, who are eager for their place in the sun. Calles has done more in a practical sense for the peasants than Obregon ever thought of doing; but it is Obregon who dominates the clans. The peasants in Mexico, now everywhere organized and armed, constitute the invisible army of the country, which can coalesce into regiments or melt away into the fields again.

And in spite of disclaimers, some fair day, as economic and political differences widen and new ambitions become acute, may not the League of Revolutionary Defense turn against its city and bureaucratic brethren in the so-called revolutionary ranks? May not the new organization be the general staff of a new army, the real Army of the Dictatorship—with an idea?

When Calles was elected in 1924, he represented a direct continuation of Obregon's rule; but Obregon, in 1928, will not represent a direct continuation of Calles. Obregon daringly plants himself on the most radical native rural elements and the most conservative foreign elements. He reaches out for his mass-support to the restless Indian groups and the "reddest" of the agrarians. These elements are not directly in conflict with the foreign concessionaires in the field of mining, petroleum, lumbering, etc. Where the purely industrial worker is concerned, he reaches out to the most conservative national organization—the Transport Confederation—and turns a rather cold shoulder on the C. R. O. M.

Obregon's business deals with the Standard Oil of California and its subsidiaries, and with the western group of capitalists, in general, indicate that his attitude toward foreign capital will be far more lenient and less nationalistic, and his attitude toward the industrial workers such that he will deliver to foreign capital a tamed and amenable movement. But his regime will be split down the middle; instead of the Calles tendency toward a unifying nationalism, toward racial and cultural fusion, toward a constructive solution of the agrarian problem, Obregon represents a new shuffling of social forces, a new balance of power, and the postulation of new conflicts the outcome of which it is impossible to predict with accuracy at the present juncture.

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico City.

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The Re-Discovery of America

II: *The Sense of the Whole*

In his first article, "The Last Days of Europe," Mr. Frank set forth that there has been but one Western Culture: the Mediterranean (whose shores were Judaea, Greece, Alexandria, Rome) was its mother and is its symbol. It reached its organic height in the Middle Ages. The modern epoch is the period of its death. This dissolution, marked by the release of energies held in the Christian Synthesis, took such forms as the Renaissance, the Reformation, Discovery and Science. The voyage of Columbus best expresses it. As the Mediterranean was the symbol of the cultural Body of Europe, the Atlantic is the symbol of its break-up. And beyond the Atlantic lies America. . . . —THE EDITORS.

OUR view of Europe was an attempt to define the background of *situation* from which America may intelligibly emerge. Now, we must begin once more, to define the background of *value* which alone can make valid the America we discover.

Throughout these papers, Wholeness is understood as no mere desired goal; but as the origin and the end of all our creative being. It is believed that Wholeness is one in truth as in letter, with holiness and health.[1] It will be proposed that Wholeness must be both personal and social, in order to be either; that individual man cannot achieve *his* health unless he live, consciously, within a Whole that consciously holds all life.

We approach the sense of the Whole, by considering religion.

Spengler, in his "Comedy of Cultures," carries on the fantasy that the religious genius, blooming with the youth of a people, hardens in the science of its age, and withers in the materialism of its death. Perhaps Comte and Spencer are responsible for this idea, which is as blandly accepted by "modern" intellectuals, as it would have been repugned by those of earlier epochs. In the days when Scripture was literally believed, the progress of religion was the norm. The Hebrews were judged to be a people who from materialism had evolved toward religion; when they backslid, they were rebuked and destroyed. The Greeks and Romans likewise were nations which, from materialist and scientific thought, grew to the universal and at length were worthy of religious revelation. The barbarians who took Rome and came to Christ were supposed to have grown through a like progress.

With the eighteenth century, all this was changed. Rousseau, finding his broken world unwieldy, divorced the classic values of religion from "civilization."[1] Save for a few poets, the intellectuals accepted the antithesis and chose "civilization." The idea of progress, although sprung from a religious source, came to be purified of religious connotation. Value and Wisdom parted from the Lord. The intellectual world believed that religion and science were opposed: religion was the way of the child, science the path of the adult.

No shallower idea ever wreaked havoc in the human mind. The cosmology and anthropology of pre-Darwinian Europe may have been naïve; but if a myth is a notion manifestly false, our fathers who accepted Jonah and the Whale were hard-headed fellows compared to their positivistic sons, who thought that our religious sense was somehow kin with the vestigial tail inherited from the ape.

Religion, of course, is neither a sense nor an impulse. It is not "natural" at all. Religion is a system of rationalizations built upon a human need which, like all needs, corresponds to a sense and an impulse. As substantial creatures, we have the needs of our senses; even if, with fundamental needs, the sense seems to awaken only with a deprivation. We need to breathe, but are aware of this only with a sense of suffocation. We need to eat, but have the sense of hunger. We need to get warm and comfortable, from a sense of cold and discomfort. Some needs, such as the sexual, are made manifest in a kind of sensory permeation which can become acute. The point is, that there can be no need at all, even visceral, even glandular, without some sense to token either its satisfaction or its lack. Since, then, religion is so universal as to reveal some universal need, we may graphically trace it through the sense with which it is connected.

There is in all religions a common trait: they stand on the premise of order. Man, confronting a multiverse, transfigures it into some kind of order in which he has his share. This order will be animistic, referring the trees and beasts of a jungle to the savage need; or it will be cosmic, according to the scope of consciousness of the religion. Order of some kind is always there; and every order is a unity integrated from variety by a mind. Order is the anatomy of every whole. Therefore religion is a building of some kind of whole. The Whole of religion is always one which the believer experiences as well as knows: which he can share in (this

1 The root of all these words is the anglo-saxon *hal.*

1 He was more typical of his age, closer to Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, than he supposed.

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is holiness) by a certain way of life. We hence observe, that religion is the deliberate building of a whole: that this reveals the need of a whole: and that this need must answer to a sense.[1]

Since any order predicates a whole, it is clear that other of men's activities are related, in need and sense, to what underlies religion. Science, too, is the establishment of wholes.[2] The Whole of science differs in that it remains outside the experience of the knower; he does not enter it. A man may order the stars into a cosmos and yet not live in their wholeness. Therefore, astronomy is called a science. The order of science is pure concept; the materials of its order are supposed to be bare data of the physical senses. Art, too, is a making of wholes. But the materials of art are not, like those of science, merely *conceived* in order: they are *made* into a body which has order. To effect this incarnation, the self of the artist must enter the materials of his art. The art-body will consist not alone, as in science, of what the physical senses offer but of the personal concepts and emotion of the artist. It will be a whole created and shared by him. Now, the enjoyer enters the art-body also: he, too, establishes with it an experience of wholeness. And this experience—the unity between the enjoyer and what otherwise is outside and impenetrable to him—is his sense of beauty. . . . But we must not here consider the differences and merging correspondence between science, art and religion. Our purpose is only to make plain how universal this sense of the Whole must be, since cultural behavior is but a series of responses to it.

This is no wonder, when we realize that, at its simplest, the sense of the whole is the sense of self. All that William James has said about the mystical experience may be applied to the experience of self. Man takes himself as a whole, long before he takes the world; he knows himself as a whole, ages before he knows such terms as brain, heart, soul. His sense of self is not irrational, but pre-rational; not ineffable save that it comes before all words and thoughts, is the forever pre-present, forever retreating nucleus of feeling that introduces knowledge and expression.

Now there are certain men who know the unity of the *Whole of Being*—including, of course, themselves—*in the exact same way* that any man knows the unity of his person. These men have been called the mystics. Their sense of Wholeness, without abandoning the personal which is its core, reaches beyond it. Since they are called mystics, it is well to call their sense of the Whole the mystical sense.

This sense is universal. It is pre-rational, like the sense of personal wholeness. It is ineffable at the outset, also like the sense of self, in that it must precede all self-expression. But it is in all men; else science, art and religion would be illegible pages. The mystic (like the scientist and the artist) differs from other men merely in degree. He articulates what men sense, else his articulation would be aloof from men's need. The true mystic is he who, *with his life*, expresses the cosmic self, in a way comparable with personal self-expression. To contend, as James did, that the mystical experience is finally ineffable is nonsense: from the Upanishads to Blake and Whitman, high men have expressed and talked of little else.

But as soon as we do talk or act, in the behest of a sense, what happens? We organize, we reason. What a vast rationalization is the science and art of cookery upon the need of food! What an intricate structure is marriage on the sex sense and the social sense! Religions like those of Christian Rome, of Hinduism, of the Jews, are magnificent constructions for man's need to fulfill his sense of wholeness with all life. Modern science is an analogous construction[1] in the field of concept and of the physical senses. Great art[2] embodies the same sense in experiential communicable forms.

Far, then, from being antithetical, science, art and religion are related in a series, whose integer is the sense of the whole. It is a sense that grows vast: the animistic whole binding a savage and his sun becomes the gravitational universe of Newton; the tribal Jahveh becomes the God of Jesus and Spinoza. It is a sense, moreover, whose expressions can be placed in hierarchic order.

This order must briefly concern us, because of the much nonsense that has been written about it. . . . We are told, for instance, that fear and wonder are motives of religion. Why, then, not of science also? A cat feels fear and wonder; he responds to them by fighting clear of the object that has caused them. *He declines to establish a connection.* His sense of wholeness stops at the nutritive and sexual need: *his* fear and wonder produce neither science nor religion. But primitive man, so moved to fear and wonder, let us say, by the eclipse of the sun, *goes toward the sun.* He will name the sun, he will invent a myth to explain its action, he will apply this knowledge to his personal welfare. All this means that he has established a relation, which is a kind of wholeness, between himself and the sun. And this wholeness, in its early stages, will be the parent of science (ordered classification), of applied science and of art, rather than of religion. This holds with the child, also. He begins by naming the world, by applying it to himself:

[1] In developing this thought it could be shown that other needs and senses, answered by various religions, either are accidental and extraneous to religion or are mediate expressions of the underlying need and sense of the whole.

[2] Despite their specialization, the compartments of science tend at their depths to fuse.

[1] It is clear that the scientist's desire to understand "all life" means its possession as a whole within the unity of the understander. Modern science has learned that this—its classic goal—is impossible of achievement.

[2] Let the reader consider such art as the Sphinx, the Cathedral of Chartres, the Book of Job, the Comedy of Dante, the major works of Palestrina, Bach or Beethoven.

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"Mamma. Mamma is mine." And from this authentic science, he goes on to imitation, to self-expression—elements of art. There he stops. There, whole peoples have stopped.

The mystical sense of the Whole, since by definition it transcends the person, must transcend and transform the personal will. The man whose "universe" is but the tool of personal desire has no real universe at all: he has reached the order neither of pure science nor of religion.[1] If we grant this, we learn that most "religion" is magic. And magic is a kind of applied science.

The medicine man, the archaic priest, had specific controls over Nature (magic, spells, revelations, dispensations); and these they employed to get results. They were hence the brothers of Edison and Ford, rather than of Buddha and Isaiah. The priesthood of Egypt, for example, was a scientific body in its action on the people. For the people did not share or experience the Order which the holy men controlled: they submitted to it, they were "protected" by it in an external relation much like that of modern men to modern science. Even so great a man as Moses, of whose religious sense I have no doubt, stood before his people chiefly in a role of science. He applied his Whole to the sensory needs of his children. He had to save their bodies, ere the Prophets could uplift them. Since they were children, he met them in terms which they could understand—on the level of science. But no true sense of the Whole can suffer the exploiting of its knowledge to partial, personal ends. In it, the sense of selfhood, by definition, becomes transfigured: knows immortality in the act of knowing the mortality of the person.[2]

We may then conclude: the mystical sense, whose complete structure is religion, is the latest and least developed sense of man. Man's sense of sight probably has several million years of evolution; it has an organ vastly older than mankind. All the specific physical senses have their specific nerves and organs. There is a sixth sense, the sense of personal self; and it is safe, with the behaviorists, to call it physical as well. It is, at least, unthinkable without the physical senses. A man might have a kinesthesia of his person without ears and eyes: but, with no sensory experience at all, he could have no delimiting awareness of self and not-self. The mystical sense of the Whole is unthinkable, also, without the personal core. But it differs basally from the personal whole-sense, in that it is not physical, not personal, and transfigures the sense of self into the immediate perception of what is beyond all self of the physical senses.

The mystical sense is rudimentary and weak. Perhaps this is why it has not articulated for itself an organ.[1] What sort of an organ will it be? The eye, for instance, which is the organ of a fractional sense, is itself a fraction of the body. So the organ of the sense of the Whole would be the entire man. As man has the eye to enact light in his consciousness, he will have the wholeness of body and of mind to enact Wholeness within him.

Of course, logic and philosophy assure us that, if man is to achieve the mystical sense, it must have been there from the beginning—there in the plasmic slime whence life crawled up. This is true. You cannot insert a strictly new thing into an organic process. Man's sense of the Whole must spring from the Whole whence primordially he sprang. But such a sense may long be latent. We assume that it is not active in animals. For it is not in children. True, religion and objective art are beyond the experience of children.[2] The history of the sense of the Whole seems to have begun but yesterday. Its activity with Hindus, Hebrews and Egyptians was abortive; since there has been no organic building from it. The reason for this failure is important; for it holds our modern promise.

If I am right, and the sense of the Whole must be a culmination of the other senses, then the Structure that expresses it can rise only upon sound structures of the other senses. This is to say: there can be no adequate religion, until first there is adequate science.[3]

History bears this out. From the early science (thaumaturgies, magics, mysteries) and early arts, rose and worked the builders of religion: the Scripture-makers of Torah, Testament, Upanishad, Vedanta. The religions got along, while the sciences on which they rested remained valid. But when the sciences melted into mud and sand, the religions melted also. The "inroads of science on religion" therefore prove the precise contrary of the contemporary notion: they prove that religion is culminant from its base of science, in the exact way that the sense of the Whole is culminant of the lower physical senses.

Man's religions have crumbled, because the substructure—the Order built from the revelation of the physical senses—was continuously shifting. He knew not enough about Nature, about his person, about the social Body to make these primal wholes permanent, authoritative, sound. He lacked all method for knowing. The past failure of religion is, then, largely the failure of past science. It has

1 The geneticists who claim that all religion is merely the structure of some personal desire—sexual, perhaps, or economic—are illogical solipsists unless they apply the same conclusion to science and to their own theories. The geneticist is a man who, having triumphantly discovered that a rotary press will not go without oil, proclaims that Oil is the Cause of the press, and the author and subject of everything it prints.

2 "He who loves God can not strive that God love him in return."—Spinoza.

1 We must not forget that early animals get along without our special organs. They "see" without eyes; digest without stomachs; reproduce without genitals; even "think" or feel without brains.

2 The vogue of children's art and literature today merely proves that the adults are on the level of the children.

3 In fully developing this idea, I should add "and adequate art." Here it would take us too far afield.

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brought us to our modern Nadir. Copernicus, Newton, Galileo, Einstein; Spinoza, Leibniz, Kant; the thinkers in psychological, political and social orders build from the debris of worlds a new foundation for the future culminant Whole—*our* true religion.

WALDO FRANK.

New Playwrights' Theater

The Centuries, by Em Jo Basshe. New Playwrights' Theater. November 30, 1927.

THE theater is, obviously, composed of several elements, acting, decor, music, directing, drama; and the drama in its turn is composed of characters, actions and words. But, in some curious way, the word can seem the test of the whole. The word is the blood. Not the vitality, not the energy, necessarily, but the warm current flowing throughout. The quality of the whole written body will often be sensed in a handful of its words. Even ordinary writing, not dramatic, can show itself in the first hundred lines. Mr. Em Jo Basshe's play, the second offering this season at the New Playwrights' Theater, had not been going three minutes before I felt what was going to be the difficulty all through the evening.

I heard those opening speeches from the immigrants. In the first place, the author was struggling with a problem almost insuperable, one requiring the greatest skill and manipulation to solve at all. This is the situation where we have foreigners supposed to be speaking their native tongue, not English. If they speak biting idiomatic English, good, pungent, living mother speech, we are reminded that they are foreigners, and wonder where they got these brave, true lips of theirs. If they speak remotely, stiffly, we seem to be hearing a bad translation. The good, living speech is, of course, the desirable method, however many obstacles arise. This problem of the speech becomes more discouraging when you bring in Americans speaking English and foreigners speaking broken English. You have at best to take what advantage you can of artistic convention and contrive your effects accordingly. If to all this, however, you then add the actors, all of them speaking this language you have written, you but parallel and repeat your first problem. So much for Mr. Basshe's hurdles at the start.

Dropping the point and coming to the words themselves in that first scene of "The Centuries," we can only say that they are banal and dead, one stale line after another, no life, no beat, a long succession of flats.

This quality in the words describes what is to be the thought in the play all too often, predicts the lack of edge in the motivation, the banality of the revolt, the casual, unrealized emotion. In the same way it predicts the acting, with the exception of Mr. Lawrence Bolton, who, all things considered, gives a fair performance.

"The Centuries" is a play around the life of the Jew in America, written in a kind of journalistic, ardent expressionism. We see the newly arrived family, the mother, son, daughter, husband, the old father come to find his son already prosperous in this free world. We see the gangs at work, the factory, the strike, a fire, a brothel, a synagogue; we see love, freedom, greed, crime, religious ecstasy and pious comedy, death, everything; and watch the dizzy fortunes of the various personages. We get the impression of enthusiasm, energy, hot resentment, love of life, and a good many violent conclusions, but from most of it we feel an absence of any power or capacity for reality of any kind; futility, energy and variety are what we mostly feel, with stretches of platitude.

At the same time, there is plenty of good material in Mr. Basshe's play, that is certain; and now and then the invention is remarkable. There is motive after motive that reaches the imagination, however weak in securing any effect the result may be—for one example, take the end, where the old loafer and reader in the temple snatches the shoes of the other, his lifelong friend, at the very moment of his death and sets out to peddle them, "shoes without laces number nine." There is a good all-round rhythm.

The setting for "The Centuries" is another matter. It consists of three stage levels divided in the middle by a stair. On these levels and in the spaces contrived within them the incidents take place. The design is not only most imaginative and competent, but very decorative as well and dramatic; and the stage direction for the flux of characters and actions from spot to spot, and the lighting to accompany these various moments, are excellent. The scene where, for instance, after the thug is shot, his mother, in her long veil the color of that rose or purple or whatever it is in Persian paintings and Siennese primitives, stands in the square opening into his house, and out on to the steps the girls from the brothel rush, is such a scene as might never happen at all in most theaters, so far as the design goes. Not for nothing are several members of this New Playwrights group connected with the study of painting.

And it is in this connection with painting that these dramatists and producers, actors and directors need to do at least one bit of thinking that can be most important. It is good science, I believe, to say that in its response the eye differs in speed from the ear, a series of colors and forms are not received by the eye with the same time response as tones and sound forms are received by the ear. This can be applied to incidents, emotions, motivations on the stage. The question must be studied as to the time in which an incident, such as, for example, the girl's throwing herself out of the brothel window, can be received and the particular quality of response that you desire can be secured. The same in the case of the acting: there is the problem of the intensity of projection, the kind of stress, the delineation of an action in relation to that swift and explosive succession of actions that the single action is a part of. In sum, if the spirit of certain modern painting is to be reflected dramatically, the special nature of this stage art, as diverse from any other, has to be studied.

With regard to realism, for example, the problem differs quite from that of painting. In the theater we have these flesh and blood presences in the players, these living beings that the characters are, these actualities of deed and word. You cannot relapse at one moment into a young thug or a rosy hussy talking what is at least Broadway prostitute realism, and the next minute clip off into a new and different method and style. Your emotion cannot without great skill and thought run safely from the

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utmost actuality into an expressionistic stylization. In the make-ups for "Centuries" I could not tell whether they were realistic and very badly done, or had made a start toward some such stylization as was, for a supreme illustration, used by the Habbima company in "The Dybbuk."

The fact remains, however, that the New Playwrights by this adventuring and by this very theory that they arouse and extend, become one of the important elements in the American theater.

STARK YOUNG.

The Boys in the Back Room

COLONEL CHARLES R. FORBES was appointed by President Harding head of the Veterans' Bureau, and for gross fraud against the government while in office was sent to Fort Leavenworth for two years. The two years are up, and Colonel Forbes proceeds to spill the beans, in an article published in the New York World of December 4, which everyone with any curiosity about the Harding administration should read.

Colonel Forbes wants to prove that he was innocent, and that, "if Harding erred in the administration of his high office, it was solely out of an excess of loyalty to friends whom the world now knows to have been faithless." Forbes doesn't insist very much on his own innocence, but his pictures of the "loyalty to friends" are extraordinary, and provide the most life-like glimpses of the boys in the back room that have so far come to light.

He starts with the arrival of Harding in Hawaii in 1914 where Forbes was Commissioner of Public Works. Forbes recalls that as they sat together "at the rim of a crater," Harding said to him, "This is God's work and He alone can quiet the flame." Forbes remarks that "he was truly spiritual." Forbes also noticed Harding's "splendid Americanism," interest in "an American merchant marine and child welfare," but above all his "lovable character."

We may now skip to the days following Harding's nomination. Jim Darden, a Southern textile magnate, had given $5,000 toward the pre-convention campaign. "I recall this contribution very well. The money was handed over to Dr. Sawyer, who bought $5,000 worth of whiskey with it. The liquor" which was stored "at Dr. Sawyer's White Oak Sanitarium, at the Marion club and at Harding's residence . . . was far from sufficient to quench the thirst of the office seekers who descended upon Marion. I don't want it to be inferred that Mr. Harding himself was dispensing the liquor. It was kept in the bottom section of the sideboard in the Harding dining-room." Colonel Forbes' familiarity with the geography of the sideboard can be guessed from his own admission, later on, that he was a "drinking man" and that his "best liquor," while he was in Washington, "was obtained from the vault of Harry Daugherty's quarters in the little McLean house. All the liquor there was delivered under the protection of the Department of Justice."

It was in this little house that Daugherty did most of his business. It was here that he went over criminal files at midnight, selecting bootleggers for pardon. It was here that, whenever a suspicious visitor entered, Daugherty would sneak upstairs, "from where everyone in the waiting-room could be seen," and send Jess Smith down to dismiss him. But it was in Jess Smith's office in the Department of Justice that he saw $75,000 in $1,000 bills. "The wind blew them off a table on to the floor and I helped to pick them up. Jess said they belonged to Daugherty."

Fred Upham, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee, appears briefly. Upham mentioned to Forbes the "$800,000 deficit resulting from the campaign." Forbes suggested selecting "twenty representative Republicans to underwrite the amount." Upham said who?, Forbes passed the buck back to him, and Upham suggested consulting Secretary Weeks. But Weeks thought this method would "look too much like raising a slush fund." Months later Daugherty told Forbes that "the debt had been paid in full"—by whom, Forbes never knew. The President, when questioned, replied "some friends of the party, I guess." Two years later Upham told Forbes not to worry, that the debt was "fixed."

Harding, ever since they had sat on the volcano together, had been very fond of Forbes. In April, 1921, Harding sent for him. Upon his arrival from Tacoma, Forbes called up the White House. "Harding asked me to come over right away . . . and enter the White House by the back way. . . . He explained that he wanted me to accept the governorship of Alaska." The next day (in the meantime, a delegation of Alaskans called on Forbes to see "where I would stand—hitched or otherwise"), the President offered him either Alaska or the ambassadorship to Peru. Forbes said he didn't want either, and went up to New York to attend a dinner given for him at the Yale Club by Frank Munsey. On his return to Washington, Harding begged him to take charge of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance as soon as possible, and told him "to go over there and walk through the building and let him have my impressions." "But I don't know anything about insurance," objected Forbes. "That is an advantage," Harding replied. On April 27, he was sworn in.

Then his troubles began. In the first place, he was closely associated with Dr. Sawyer, "a vain strutting little creature" who "fancied he had a great attraction for women," "carried falsehoods to the President," used stool-pigeons and raised the devil because, being a homeopath, "he sought to have homeopaths replace allopaths" in all the government hospitals. But the annoyances put upon him by Senators and Congressmen were inconceivably worse. Mondell "wanted money spent generously at Fort McKenzie, Wyoming." Senator Lodge wanted a hospital in Boston, Senator Hale wanted one at Bangor, Maine; Summers of Washington another at Walla Walla; Spencer pleaded for his St. Louis, Wadsworth for his New York, Ashurst for his Phoenix, Frelinghuysen for his New Jersey, Sutherland for his West Virginia, Harreld for his Oklahoma. "Everybody who had a wooden nutmeg tried to unload it on the Veterans' Bureau."

Those were unhappy days, when Harding wept in the garden and Brigadier General Sawyer reported with glee that they (Mr. and Mrs. Harding) "had a hell of a row last night." On Christmas Day Forbes went over to see the President, whom he found "very depressed." Harding "pulled out a plug of Piper Heidsieck and took a chew."

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Then he said "this is a hell of a Christmas," and when Forbes asked what was the matter, replied "Everything is the matter," and told Forbes that "there were things going on in the public business that he didn't approve, but that he was powerless to stop them." Later on, Forbes questioned him about letting the Interior Department administer naval oil reserves. Harding's only comment was, "It doesn't seem proper, does it?"

Everything connected with public affairs was queer, everything was wrong. Only when this crowd gathered about the poker table did it regain its serene natural state. Here is one of the parties as described by Forbes.

> On this particular occasion the President sat at one end and Will Hays at the other. The others there were Albert Lasker, at that time Chairman of the Shipping Board; Harry Daugherty, Ned McLean, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Harding. Mrs. Harding did not play—she often sat with us at poker games, but she never played. I remember that it was very hot and that Albert Lasker took his coat off, displaying red suspenders two inches wide. I won $397 and Will Hays won. The losers all paid up promptly.
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> During the game Ted McLean announced that Jack Johnson, the prize fighter, was to be discharged from the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, and either Ned or Albert Lasker exclaimed, "Why, his mother used to work for me and he has a fine of $1,000 hanging over him and can't pay it." Ned McLean said: "Albert, I'll give $500 and you give $500 and we will pay his fine." The President spoke up: "Don't let that worry you; I'll remit the fine," and the game went on.

The New York World should reprint Colonel Forbes' document and circulate it widely as an American classic.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Anatole France's Successor

PAUL VALERY'S address on the occasion of his reception by the French Academy has now been published in book-form, together with M. Hanotaux's response. (Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française, by Paul Valéry. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. Part has also been published in translation in the Dial, November, 1927; Réponse au Discours de Paul Valéry, by Gabriel Hanotaux. Paris: Librairie Plon.) Those who were present at the delivery of this address report that it was received with amazement. It has been the custom, in the French Academy, for a new member to deliver an *"éloge"* on the previous occupant of the seat to which he has been elected. In this case, Paul Valéry succeeded to the chair of Anatole France. But his speech on his predecessor was far from a conventional *éloge;* instead of the customary polite obituary, Valéry startled the Academy with an outspoken piece of criticism—criticism so ruthless, in fact, that M. Hanotaux, in his response, has apparently felt under the necessity of himself supplying the *éloge* expected from Valéry.

To understand Valéry's point of view, we must remember, first of all, that there is an issue of literary politics involved. In the Paris of Valéry's youth, as he himself explains in his address, the literary parties were clearly defined: there were the naturalists, with Zola for leader; the Parnassians, with Leconte de Lisle; the critics, historians and humanists of the schools of Renan and Taine. Valéry belonged to the outlaw party, the party of symbolists. France was a writer of Parnassian verse and a disciple of Renan, and, in the opinion of Valéry, showed himself unsympathetic toward the symbolists and unfair to them. Valéry, whose verse is still stamped today with the influence of Mallarmé, is obviously moved by a spirit of loyalty to his old allegiance. In their early days, the symbolists were laughed at and abused; yet they represented the movement which was to inherit the future; today they have conquered literature. Paul Valéry seems to derive a good deal of satisfaction, even perhaps a certain cockiness, from the conviction, now publicly justified, that he was right all along; and he appears to blame France for a lack both of intelligence and of courage in having chosen a different course.

All those *"auteurs idéologues,"* says Valéry, who were followers of Renan and Taine, have been admitted to the Academy. He does not add, but M. Hanotaux tells us, that Valéry himself is only the second symbolist who has ever received that honor. So far, then, as the Academy is concerned, Valéry finds himself in a minority; and we may no doubt recognize in the asserted independence, almost the haughtiness and defiance, of Valéry's address something of the special psychology of minorities. It is possible to sympathize with Valéry and even to approve his policy. One would certainly not have had him, even out of courtesy for the Academy, flatter a writer whom he did not enjoy and of whom he heartily disapproved. He has obviously made an effort to say of France all the good that he can, and has perhaps even stretched a point. He makes at least one very interesting contribution to the criticism of France, when he points out an intimate relation between France's skepticism, on the one hand, with its disintegrating effect on ideas, and, on the other, his addiction to classical form. To the mind, suggests Valéry, which rejects the authority of laws and morals, the limitations of classical art, which are merely the rules of a game as to which no skepticism is possible, supply a necessary system and discipline. Outside of this, however, where it was impossible for him to admire, Valéry must certainly have felt that to speak plainly was an intellectual responsibility.

Intellectual responsibility is unquestionably Paul Valéry's forte, and if it were true that he gave one the impression of having simply spoken frankly and plainly, one would have nothing to regret. But there is something curiously patronizing and feline about Valéry's whole performance. Why, for example, does he insist on Anatole France's humble origin? Valéry himself, we learn from M. Hanotaux, belongs to a distinguished family; but what, in that case, are we to think of Valéry's taste in suggesting, as he does, that, in view of France's modest beginnings, he really did very well indeed? Is this not, furthermore, ridiculous? France had an excellent education and a good many other "advantages": he was not in the least, as Valéry seems to want us to think, the type of poor but worthy boy who

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makes his own way. Nor is it fair to dwell, as Valéry does, on France's sinuosity and prudence. Whatever compromise with bourgeois taste France may have made in his earlier work—when his own principles were scarcely formulated—he quite made up for afterwards. He was not one of the martyrs of symbolism: symbolism was simply not his language; but when confronted with an issue that touched him, as at the time of the Dreyfus case, as Valéry is later forced to admit, he did not hesitate to support an unpopular cause. If he won his seat in the Academy, as in his later years he used to declare, by a book deliberately and servilely aimed at the taste of the academicians, he afterwards sacrificed this privilege, when he proved himself sufficiently unpolitic to disagree with his colleagues over Dreyfus: he would not go to the Academy for years, and, if I am not mistaken, did not return until shortly before his death.

It seems to me, also, that M. Valéry considerably exaggerates the degree of France's hostility toward the symbolists. He may have expressed himself strongly about them in private: his complete indifference to their later developments is attested by LeGoff's record of France's conversation. Valéry refers us to "La Vie Littéraire," but has France really shown himself so unfriendly there? His essays on Moréas and Verlaine (without doubt, not two of the most difficult symbolists!) are intelligent and appreciative, and the former contains an attempt sympathetically to explain some symbolist innovations. France's most interesting comment on the subject, however, is in "Histoire Contemporaine": one of M. Bergeret's students brings him a symbolist poem (a parody, one takes it, by France) which Bergeret finds bizarre and nonsensical. He does not criticize it severely, however (I quote from memory), "for fear of offending the new beauty."

What seems most objectionable, however, in Valéry's treatment of France is his method of being generous. Instead of stating simply his own views, he has adopted the curious policy of taking up *seriatim* all the foolish strictures which have been made since France's death—such as the charge that he would never have written anything if Mme. de Caillavet hadn't made him—and undertaking to mitigate them. The effect of his noticing these charges at all is, however, of course, to make us feel that he takes them seriously. It should be added that, through what can scarcely be interpreted as anything other than a desire to insult France, Valéry refuses to mention his name, but only makes upon it the following comment: "He himself would not have been possible, would scarcely have been conceivable, except in France, whose name he assumed. Under that name, so difficult to carry off, and which it required so much assurance to adopt, he won the favor of the universe. He presented it, indeed, with a France possessing all those specious qualities with which, if she herself were to remain satisfied, the universe would suffer; but which were agreeable to him and to which he did not feel any objection." Valéry then goes on to speak much of France, the nation, and ends on a note of patriotism. Is not all this, however, rather gratuitous? France's name was Anatole-François, and Anatole France was originally a nickname. Why should we consider it an act of presumption to have taken it for a pseudonym?

To Valéry, as to many literary people in France since the War, Anatole France has come to represent all that was facile, superficial and elegantly second-rate about the writings of the previous generation. One may sympathize with this reaction: there was certainly nothing more to be done along the lines which France had followed. He was himself perhaps the last great writer of a period, and the weaknesses of the period are, therefore, sometimes more conspicuous in him than in his predecessors. Before he died, he had begun to produce books which, in their empty unctuousness and suavity and their mechanical neatness of form, do tend rather to discourage us with Renanian irony and pity and classical lucidity and symmetry. It was certainly time for that mold to be broken; and Proust and Valéry, and all the anarchs of the period since the War, have definitively broken it. Yet as one reads Valéry's address, one cannot help rebelling a little against what appears to be an assumption that it is impossible for a writer to be as clear and as light as France was and to be profound at the same time. Paul Valéry himself, great poet though he is, has never been a very good prose writer. We read him because what he has to say is often interesting; but we often suffer from the way he says it. Now this memorial address on France is probably his masterpiece of bad writing. Never have the clotted abstraction of his style, the hindside-foremost presentation of his thought, appeared to worse advantage. To say that the author of "Le Jardin d'Epicure" would have turned in his grave, if he could have heard Valéry's sentences, would be to understate it: France's bitterest clerical enemies could have wished France no more horrible punishment than to have had to listen to them in Hell. It is almost as if France's successor had deliberately avoided lucidity and elegance. For he is not here dealing with metaphysics: he is occupied with the simple statement of facts and literary opinions.

One also remembers France's own address on the occasion of his reception by the Academy. France's predecessor was de Lesseps, the maker of the Suez Canal, and a person whose character and achievements were as far from France's as possible. Yet France, delivering a conventional *éloge*, succeeded in giving an interesting and sympathetic account of de Lesseps. It was characteristic of the school of writers to which France belonged that their interests were rather wide and their tastes rather tolerant. It is characteristic of Valéry's generation to be obstinate specialists. The strength that lies in the large comprehension of human affairs, and in the participation through literature in public life, was the strength of France's generation. The strength derived from solitary labor and earnest introspection is the strength of Valéry's.

EDMUND WILSON.

Art

This rock, this quartz, this crumpled wall of life—
Carve at its granite crust with pliant knife.
See if the stubborn groove will gleam with gold
Before the knife is worn, and you are old.

ROBERT MCBLAIR.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Federal Estate-Tax

SIR: I am glad to see the New Republic take a sound stand on the question of repeal of the federal estate-tax. Your arguments in the issue of November 9 are unanswerable. The question of "states' rights" has no more to do with this tax than with the income tax. The so-called "tax experts" build their theories of taxation upon "ability to pay," which may or may not be a sound theory. But, while it is the commonly accepted theory, all the arguments favor retaining the federal estate-tax. The exemption is such that it does not touch the ordinary farmer or small business man, or touches his estate only lightly. In estates of $100,000 and up into the millions there can be no real hardship to the taxpayer.

The argument that the tax discriminates unfairly against the eastern financial centers has no weight. The large fortunes are often made up of stocks, bonds, and other securities covering western properties incorporated in eastern states. In such cases, the states where the property is located, and which have the burden of its care and protection, are deprived of revenue with which local owners of local property are burdened. Why should not Wisconsin, Minnesota or Iowa, for instance, be aided in their road construction by federal funds collected from the transfer at death by a tax upon stocks or bonds of railroads located in these states, left by a New Jersey decedent, which these states are not allowed to collect because the decedent was a non-resident and the securities are issued by a foreign corporation? Actual justice would be much more nearly approximated by retaining the federal estate-tax and repealing all the state inheritance-taxes. But both should be retained, as they comply in a high degree with the much-touted maxim of "ability to pay"; and they do relieve the really burdensome local general-property taxes. Many additional arguments can be offered in favor of the federal estate-tax which have not been brought out for want of an interested propaganda, such as the opponents of the tax have put up.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin. JOHN HARRINGTON.

The Re-Discovery of America

SIR: I wonder if various *a priori* speculations may not have some prefatory relevance to Waldo Frank's proposed Rediscovery of America? e. g.,

> "The author of nature has bestowed on some greater capacities than on others; birth, education, talents, and wealth, create distinctions among men as visible, and of as much influence, as titles, stars and garters. . . . The influence of the great will generally enable them to succeed in elections. The great easily form associations; the poor and middling class form them with difficulty. The common people will divide, and their divisions will be promoted by the others. There will be scarcely a chance of their uniting, in any other but some great man, unless in some popular demagogue, who will probably be destitute of principle."—Melancthon Smith in the New York Ratifying Convention (1788), 1 Elliott's Debates, 221.
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> "While property continues to be pretty equally divided, and a considerable share of information pervades the community, the tendency of the people's suffrages will be to elevate merit even from obscurity. As riches increase and accumulate in few hands; as luxury prevails in society, virtue will in a greater degree be considered as only a graceful appendage of wealth, and the tendency of things will be to depart from the republican standard."—Alexander Hamilton, Ibid., 229-230.
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> "Let us take care, whilst we nominally give the right of voting to a particular description of our citizens, that we do not in reality give it to their employers. The man who feeds, clothes and lodges another has a real and absolute control over his will. . . . Let us then take care, whilst we abominate aristocracy, that we do not actually organize it. . . . The apprehended danger from the experiment of universal suffrage . . . is no dream of the imagination. It is too mighty an excitement for the moral constitution of men to endure."—Chancellor Kent, opposing the abolition of property qualifications for voting, Debates, N. Y. Const. Conv. of 1821, p. 220.

Cos Cob, Connecticut. WALTER NELLES.

The Russian Political Prisoners

SIR: In his cable from Moscow to the New York Times of November 12, 1927, describing the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime, Mr. Walter Duranty informs his readers that on the subject of political freedom the Communist government remains adamant.

The spokesman for the government, Mr. Bukharin, told the representatives of the foreign labor delegations, "That to accord liberty of speech or the press to adversaries of the Soviet regime was simply playing into the hands of enemies without a compensating advantage." Regarding imprisonment, Bukharin was equally categorical.

Thus the amnesty granted by the Soviet government in celebration of the tenth anniversary of its rule was for common criminals only. The Socialist prisoners, after a century of imprisonment, hunger strikes, Siberia, the gallows, ten years after the revolution which was to usher in liberty for all the people of Russia, must perish in the prisons.

The fighters for freedom in Russia are struggling against great odds. They are hungry, ragged and ill, but they cling to the ideal of freedom.

If liberty means anything to you, you will help us feed these brave warriors. Every dollar will buy a week's food for a torch-bearer of liberty. Every dollar from America will be a token of friendship and so break the isolation of the prison. Every dollar you send to the Socialist prisoners in Russia will be your declaration for liberty as against oppression.

Make checks payable to the Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia and mail to Mrs. Fredericka Baranoff, 9 West One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City.

New York City. MANYA-GORDON STRUNSKY.

No Doubt

SIR: May I take the honor of sending you the following verses of one Georgius Rolfinus, an obscure poetaster of *circa* 649 A. U. C.:

Nunc in Rajunam plorat lenissimus imber,
Plorat, subterea dormit pullus amor.
Ausculto vocem lunæ per lumina canæ
Increpitare mihi, plangere in æternum.
En procul auditur leni cum murmure tristis
Futiliterque vocat imbre cadente dolor.
Haud aliter tandem cessabunt frigore corda
Haud aliter veniet omnibus atra dies.
Sub lolio glauco, nigro in mucore jacentes,
Somno fungemur, surdi murmuribus.

Your readers will, no doubt, be struck with their resemblance to James Joyce's lyric quoted in a recent review.

VERITAS.

David Ames Wells

SIR: I am engaged in writing the "Life and Public Services of David Ames Wells," an economist and life-long advocate of free trade and civil service reform, during the latter half of the nineteenth century. I am making an effort to find any letters written by Mr. Wells that may still be in existence. It will be of very great assistance to me if any reader of your columns who might know of possible clues to any of this man's correspondence would communicate the information to me, at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. F. B. JOYNER.

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Man and God

The Locomotive God, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: The Century Company. 434 pages. $4.

Transition, by Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. 352 pages. $2.50.

THE two autobiographies here mentioned (for in considering "Transition" it is fair to ignore such elements of fiction as it may possess) are evidence, if any were needed, of the recognition in the present day of the importance of personal experience, of the frankness with which it may be recorded, and, in the case of "The Locomotive God," of the penetration with which it may be interpreted. Of this modernity, however, the two books are strikingly different examples, reflecting as they do the lives of two men who, under the same intellectual sky, manifest the most opposed traits of character.

William Ellery Leonard and Will Durant grew up in New Jersey in the same generation, but there the resemblance ends. The former, as his name reminds us, inherited the most distinguished strain of culture which Northeastern America had produced. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, whose conscience drove himself and his family from the comforts of Plainfield to a bleak New England village. In both places, however, William Ellery had abundant intellectual stimulation. By rather heroic efforts he took himself to Boston, and to Boston University; then to Harvard as a graduate student; then to Germany. After a painful period of apprenticeship, he became instructor at the University of Wisconsin, where, fortunately, he remains. It is easy to see that his environment from childhood has reënforced a tendency toward looking inward, and has developed an innate strain of self-consciousness, with acute sensitiveness to suffering inflicted by others and by himself.

Will Durant, if we may disregard the fiction of John Senton, grew up in a wage-earner's home. It is easy to see how quickly he was brought into contact with what we call real things, how the normal experience of give and take in a large family rubbed off his corners, gave him currency, so to speak, in the stream of affairs. Like Leonard, he had intellectual ambitions, and, as his parents were Roman Catholic, he was sent to the parochial school and the seminary to prepare for the priesthood. Probably the most interesting chapter of his story is that in which he describes his breaking away from the Church. There followed a period of discomfort in which the hero was hard put to it to find material support and intellectual assurance. Power as a teacher and speaker supplied the first, graduate study at Columbia the second. Adventures on various roads to freedom kept him alert, and successive disillusionments do not seem to have gone deeply into him. Love and offspring were ample compensation for the failure of the liberal program of the Committee of Forty-eight.

An autobiography in the deepest sense must deal with the writer and with God. Mr. Leonard's title is a recognition of this fact. The most exciting autobiography of the seventeenth century is "Grace Abounding," in which there are properly only two characters, Bunyan's own soul and God who made it—the God who demanded, above all, faith, and who tested and tempted his follower by every psychological trick. When Bunyan was on his way from Bedford to Elstow, he was reminded of the connection between faith and the removal of mountains, and modestly wondered if he had faith to say to the puddles in the horse pads, "Be ye removed"; then reflecting on the awful consequences of failure, he decided not to attempt it just yet. The God who dominated Leonard's mind was a more modern creator than this, literally a *deus ex machina.* When Leonard was two years old, he was taken to the railroad station to meet his father. He leaned out over the tracks to see the engine, which rushed at him, headlight blazing, bell ringing, steam gushing forth, "God roaring from heaven to slay me for having disobeyed my mother and gone so close to the track." The fear was complicated by the presence of a little girl, two years older, of whom he was precociously fond. "If Mary had been a boy, the Locomotive-God would have still scared the wits out of me, but would not have created an experience involved with sex."

It is Leonard's opinion that the Locomotive-God has dominated his whole life. This might not have been so had it not happened that he received a second shock a few years later, which confirmed the effects of the first. Shortly after beginning school, at the age of eight, he was refused permission to retire by his teacher, and a small pool of water collected under his chair. The other children became excited. The teacher dismissed him, and he started for home, but in a moment recess began, and the herd was in full chase, with cries of "Get him." The crowd was the Locomotive-God. A whistle sounding from a passing train completed the illusion, and the horror with all its details of corroboration was swept into his dreams forever.

After this, all special crises, sometimes emphasized by a sexual urge, connected themselves in his mind with the agency of the Locomotive-God. A detail would recall the entire experience and the fear. Once when he was in the railway station at Cologne the engine bell ringing gave him a sensation of "sudden and nameless horror, of unsheltered isolation and helpless loneliness. Paradoxically, sudden and nameless shame and dread of meeting my friends at Bonn. Sudden and inexplicably intense craving for home, my own parents." But this was trivial compared with the experience at Madison, which he has narrated in his sonnet sequence, "Two Lives." It tempts one to attribute something of conscious irony to the ordering of things, that to this victim of the Locomotive-God should befall the tragedy of love and madness which is there poignantly set forth. The social disapproval following the death of Leonard's insane wife recalled the pursuit of the school mob. "The attack of the mob set loose the Locomotive-God." At a Wisconsin road-house the lighting of a cigar brought back the smell of a cigar which a "stocky man" was smoking at the Plainfield depot in 1878. At that moment a train passed; and the domination of the God was complete. From that time forth, Leonard writes, he has lived a prisoner. "Within a hundred feet of the house I am compelled to rush back, in horror of being so far away . . . a hundred feet away . . . from home and security. I have never walked or ridden alone or with others, as a normal man since that day."

It is for psychologists to estimate the accuracy of Leonard's diagnosis of his case. Let it be said at once that he has spared no effort to check and control his data. In a sense, of course, his story is beyond dispute as a variety of religious experience: the Locomotive-God is his God and he believes in him. He writes of the mystery and terror of his dominion with literary truth, as De Quincey wrote of opium—and with much of the same eloquence of impas-

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sioned prose. He sees in this god a symbol of all that he hates in modern life.

> The Locomotive-God is a Machine-God. I sometimes conceive him in relation to the individual life sketched in these pages, as a symbol of the age of the machine . . . of Steel and Fire and Smoke . . . constricting and unmanning man. A symbol to me of Material Dominion. A symbol to me of the delusions of a raucous America. And my life has been a fight against this Locomotive-God no less.

But this is *aberglaube*.

Durant, like Leonard, records childish experiences which might have given birth to a god of some sort. On his first day in pants he excited the laughter of his schoolmates and, looking down, "discovered that a button had come loose in the most strategic portion of my pantaloons, and a certain secret which decent lads conceal had been betrayed to the public eye." One shudders to think what such an exposure would have cost Leonard. Durant, indeed, "ran home sobbing." He declares that "the unseemly episode made a thinker of me," but perhaps not a very profound one. The God which he had inherited gradually faded away. "They had told me a pretty story when I was young, and now I would always mourn because that story was not true. All men's hopes were false; all things would die; and every heart must break." Similarly the social ideals which consoled him for awhile failed to answer to the test of experience. "I who had dreamed of the time when the workers would rule the world, now found it unpleasant to ride alongside them in the subway. I lost whatever enthusiasm I might ever have had for a dictatorship of the proletariat, or even for 'the rule of the people.'"

But we do not believe very much in Durant's implication in spiritual or social tragedy. His chief sorrow in the loss of faith was the pain of his mother; and for the evils of society he is consoled by entering fully into the stream of life, through fatherhood. His richest experience comes to him through associations with others; and it has fitted him for social conduct and success. He occasionally confesses to sentimentality. This is a very different thing from the sensibility of Leonard. The former has as great capacity for happiness as the latter for pain: on the one hand, we have the abounding faith in life of the temperamental optimist, the resiliency of the extrovert; on the other the distrust of life, the fear and confusion of the introvert.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Money-Changers in Another Temple

Ballyhoo, the Voice of the Press, by Silas Bent. New York: Boni and Liveright. 398 pages. $3.

SILAS BENT has written one of the two important books on American journalism since Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check." It is interesting to see that he does not mention Mr. Sinclair's name, and discusses hardly any of the things on which that author laid stress. Sinclair wrote as a Socialist, with little practical experience of journalism, intent on proving his thesis that the capitalists force the press to tell lies on their behalf. Bent, with many years' service as reporter and editor behind him, has no theory to serve, but studies what is happening to journalism nowadays, and how its changed character affects its value as an instrument of democracy.

His analysis does not differ in main outline from that produced by other critics; its chief importance lies in the wealth of evidence he has accumulated on a score of aspects of the question. He has not only read newspapers, but has ascertained their weight in pounds and ounces, counted the column inches devoted to one subject or another, studied court records in scores of cases where the freedom of the press or some other legal question is involved. His viewpoint is that of the good citizen who would like to see the press adequately fulfill its function as the eyes of democracy, as well as that of an educated man who wishes the newspapers to deal seriously—not dully—with serious subjects.

On both these points, he is, on the whole, pessimistic. He sees the editorial side of the press increasingly subordinated to the business—not in the Sinclairian sense, through advertisers' telling the papers what stand to take on public questions, but through a change of purpose. The newspaper today is conducted, more completely than ever before, to make money, and the editors act accordingly. They print that which will gain the largest circle of readers, irrespective of everything else, except that they are careful not to offend the business community on which they depend. It is not that they take orders from any one advertiser, but that they try to guess in advance what all the advertisers want. Despite the continuing pretense to a priestly function as guardian of public morals, journalism acts nowadays only when the pocket-nerve is touched. Crusading, Mr. Bent observes,

> alienates the advertiser, who is the "angel" of the press. Aggressive criticism of the government and protection of popular liberties do not conduce to the complacent extravagance which the advertiser desires. . . . Courageous militance is rare in metropolitan newspapers. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Boston Herald, the Scripps-Howard group, are among the few exceptions to a general flabbiness. It may be said fairly, I believe, that the entire American press betrayed its constituency in the matter of the oil scandals.

Mr. Bent also discusses another general tendency of latter-day journalism, to put great stress on "stunts" and the reporting of matters like prize-fights and sensational divorce and murder cases, which have little genuine significance. He points out that the New York Times used four eight-column headlines to announce the end of the World War and the Kaiser's flight, and three such lines on the Dempsey-Tunney fight of 1926. He does not attempt to say whether the public excites the newspapers, or *vice versa;* probably he would agree that they interact. He makes the sensible point that intelligent citizens will not get excited about invasions of freedom of the press by government, while the press continues to make such shabby use of that freedom.

Mr. Bent has no panaceas to bring forward. He does not propose government-owned newspapers or any other radical innovation. He has ignored the adjuration to be constructive, and has been content to hold the mirror up to journalism as it exists in 1927. The result is a storehouse of facts, indispensable to those who, despite all discouragements, still insist on taking the press seriously.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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A Reasonable Eugenist

The Racial Basis of Civilization. A Critique of the Nordic Doctrine, by Frank H. Hankins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 384 pages. $3.25.

PROFESSOR Hankins' book on race and its significance for civilization is admirably free from the excesses of the usual writers on the racial determination of culture. He is as hard on the Gobineaus and Houston Chamberlains and Madison Grants as any cultural anthropologist of the "Boas school," but he differs radically from this school in his insistence on the reality of the racial factor in the origination and intensification of cultural values. Dr. Boas, impregnably cautious in the face of evidence and lack of evidence, has never committed himself, to be sure, to the direct denial of the presence or importance of such racial factors. He has never said, in so many words, that the psychic potentiality of the average Negro or of the average Australian native is equal to that of the average white, but the general feeling has been that his verbally non-committal attitude masked an emotional "slant" in favor of the theory of substantial racial equality. The manifest differences in cultural achievement have always been explained by environmental and historical factors of various sorts. At no time has race itself—that is, the psychic limitations or advantages of one race as against another—been invoked as an efficient explanation of the vast differences in degree of cultural development.

All the while, the conviction has been growing that there are significant correlations between bodily structure and psychic disposition. E. Kretschmer's observations on the relation between physical types and certain forms of insanity, including temperamental types tending in the direction of such forms of insanity, are not quoted by Professor Hankins, but they would not be irrelevant to his discussion. Granted that the definition of significant differences of temperament is far from clear, that Kretschmer's correlations are only an exceedingly rough approximation to the truth, at best, and that it remains to be proved that the bodily variations—within a homogeneous group—which he deals with are strictly analogous to race differences, it must be admitted that the culturalist and the environmentalist can no longer throw the whole burden of proof on those who argue for at least some measure of racial determination.

Yet one may not be willing to go nearly as far as Professor Hankins, who, though sensible of the importance of historical factors in the development of civilization and of the absurd lengths to which the race protagonists have gone, is very much a eugenist—not a glib eugenist nor a rough and ready one, but still a eugenist. He too is haunted by the specter of what ominous things are happening and of what still more ominous things are due in the blind shuffling of Mendelian traits. One cannot allay his fears, for one neither knows whether there are true fears to be allayed nor, if true they be, just where the enemy is to be scotched. Truth to say, one cannot even be sure which genes in a given individual are to be welcomed and which deplored. From a practical point of view, "The Racial Basis of Civilization" advances us no further. Theoretically, the culturalist may still ask whether individual and racial differences of a psychic order are really as important determinants of the main lines of culture as they are currently assumed to be. Further, are these differences to be lightly disposed of in accordance with the convenient but possibly naïve categories of "superior" and "inferior"? If only because the righteous, Spartan dream of the sterilizing eugenist is such a nightmare to the rest of us, we must hope—we dare believe—that the time will come when the questions we now ask of race and culture will be "solved," because no longer asked, by an absent-minded posterity.

For one thing we must be grateful to Professor Hankins. He holds no brief for racial purity. On the contrary, he advises mixture, being merely concerned about the respective qualities of the blending races, or rather of the specific individuals concerned. The spectacle of Anglo-Saxon intermarrying, say, with Jew he watches with equanimity, even approval—always provided the genes are in order—and one can readily forgive him the few very light shafts of anti-Semitic raillery with which he relieves the tension of the amalgamating process and of an exceedingly earnest book.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Guideposts to Appreciation

Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting, by Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 214 pages. $3.50.

Modern Painting, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 385 pages. $6.50.

The Approach to Painting, by Thomas Bodkin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 192 pages. $2.50.

The History of American Painting, by Samuel Isham, with five supplementary chapters by Royal Cortissoz. New York: The Macmillan Company. 608 pages. $12.50.

IN his latest volume, Clive Bell does not once refer to "significant form," although he still holds out for a pure, esthetic emotion, despite—or perhaps because of—the non-agreement of Ivor Richards and the psychologists. To their skepticism Mr. Bell replies that he pities them the narrow range of their experience, and his advice is that they examine the evidence more closely before they reject the postulate of the esthetic emotion. This evidence he does not attempt to marshal in the present work, for "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting" is concerned less with a theory of esthetic than with a topographical survey of the outstanding achievements of the chosen period. Perhaps because the material is less controversial than that of "Art" or "Since Cézanne," Mr. Bell's treatment of it is simpler, and the result is a collection of entertaining papers, journalistically historical and critical in method.

Although his preface states that he intends to write about artists "in relation to other artists, in relation to movements, in relation even to their age," Mr. Bell later denounces an undue emphasis upon social causes in the study of the history of art. Art changes, to be sure, from age to age, but "its changes are conditioned mainly by its own nature; only incidentally and superficially is it modified by social and political developments." Nevertheless, he submits that both the decline of painting in the early nineteenth century and its subsequent renascence were brought about by causes at least partially social. The invention of the camera and the extended usefulness of machinery first set artists to slavish imitation of the machine and then catapulted them into violent reaction. It was the painter's realization that in the modern age his function was neither that of the photographer nor of the craftsman which opened the doors to self-expression. This responsibility of the camera as a means of releasing paint-

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ing from representation has become almost a convention among critics, and is today finding a more modern corollary in the prophecy expressed in André Gide's "The Counterfeiters": that the phonograph will rid the novel of conversation.

With this rather sketchy map of the terrain, Mr. Bell proceeds to concentrate upon individual figures. His estimates of such men as Ingres, Courbet, Manet, Corot, Degas add nothing in particular to the sum of knowledge concerning them or their relation to their time, but the writer's wit and gift of phrase illuminate his subjects in a sharp chiaroscuro.

Frank Jewett Mather's approach to approximately the same territory is more that of the scholar and historian. Where Mr. Bell is amused by the fact that the Greek and Roman gods of the French academicians were really German, and by other sidelights of interpretation, Mr. Mather is more seriously engaged in tracing tendencies and classifying them as classical, romantic, and pseudo-classical. His definitions of romanticism and classicism are based upon temperamental differences between artists rather than upon the essential character of their art. "Moderation, compromise and lucidity are the watch-words of the classic spirit; excess, revolt and mystery are the countersigns of romanticism," he writes. Mr. Bell, on the other hand, quotes Roger Fry: "I call romantic any work of art which, to produce its effect, counts on the association of ideas which it sets up in the mind of the spectator. I call classical the work which, to provoke emotion, depends on its own formal organization." Now, according to his own definition, Mr. Mather favors classicism in his artistic credo and prejudices, but, according to the definition of Mr. Fry and Mr. Bell, he is a romantic. His criticism repeatedly refers to ideas, sentiment, associations outside the frame of the picture, and his appreciation does not consist in "seeing a work of art as though it were the only thing of its sort in existence," the "pure" esthetic approach which is Mr. Bell's, in theory if not always in practice.

Mr. Mather's summaries of schools and tendencies are informative and far from dull, but it is difficult to follow the mixed social and esthetic elements of his critical tests. The assumption that "the problems of esthetics and of simple right living lie near together and frequently overlap" leads to a disproportionate lauding of painters like Sargent, La Farge, and René Ménard on grounds of "right living," while less moderate artists are more cavalierly dismissed.

Samuel Isham's "History of American Painting" has long been standard. First published in 1905, it traces the growth of American painting from its early emergence as an off-shoot of the British tradition, through the development of the budding national tendencies of the Hudson River school, the succeeding German and French graftings of the later nineteenth century, to the diverse blooms of the early twentieth century. Royal Cortissoz, in five supplementary chapters, takes up the record where Isham laid it down. His enumeration of names and tendencies is too summary to be of much value, either historically or critically. Isham was an optimist, Mr. Cortissoz no less one. He sees in American painting today a freedom from illustrative taint and an independence of vision which is interesting, if true, but not particularly well borne out by the examples Mr. Cortissoz has chosen for emphasis.

Thomas Bodkin presents a number of keys to the amateur of art in "The Approach to Painting." He offers the philosophic, technical, analytical, and casual approaches, and also the approach by siege. Each of these is treated rather freely and enthusiastically in the introductory chapters, but a series of appended analyses of famous paintings, in which, presumably, the suggested methods are applied, does not do justice to either the paintings or the approaches. The analyses are commonplace, too often merely descriptive or anecdotal.

ROSE MARY FISCHKIN.

When West Meets East

An Asian Arcady: The Land and Peoples of Northern Siam, by Reginald le May, M. R. A. S. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 274 pages. $6.

LIKE a breath from a different world comes Mr. le May's intimate and informal account of his travels and sojourn among the villagers and peasants of Northern Siam. The raucous blast of the automobile horn, the whirr and clang of high-speed factory production, the strident discords of the latest jazz—all the blessings of a far-advanced western civilization—fade away, and we wander on the backs of elephants through jungle fastnesses, through little villages of houses built on stilts as a protection against prowling tigers and leopards, amidst a simple, kindly, lovable folk, directly dependent upon their own hands for each day's sustenance, primitive, unsophisticated, happy. It is like turning back the pages of the world's history and journeying into the misty times before civilization became conscious of itself; and the spell is strengthened by interweaving in the ingenuous narrative fairy tales of Lao folk-lore, breathing the spacious atmosphere and universal humanity of the childhood days of the race of man. The western reader first scoffs at the total lack of all the material standards to which he is accustomed. The driving ambition to get rich quick, the fever for labor-saving machinery, the passion to rise in the world—all are strangely absent; life values are not measured by quantity or time. And yet, as one comes to know these simple Lao people, and sees the deep rivers of content running through their lives, new ideas begin to ferment. The average Siamese or Lao peasant seems, on the whole, unmistakably happier than the average American mill-hand. Why? Like the uncertain shadow of a tiger amid the jungle grasses, an occasional haunting doubt lurks in the tangle of one's thoughts. Is it because our profoundly impressive western civilization is in truth failing to produce fundamental values, such as happiness? Can it be that western civilization is diverging from the line of world progress? Or does the truth lie in the fact that Siam is a land of rich abundance and plenty, where a little rice from one's field and fish from well stocked streams, and fruit to be had for the picking will furnish easy sustenance for all the family, where the abundant tropical vegetation affords ready material for the little shelter that is required, where the perpetual warmth makes clothing and heating problems non-existent? Statisticians can probably prove that here lies the true explanation. Yet the shadow keeps returning. Is there a spirit of the East, incomprehensible and hidden to western sense, which, spurning the purely material values so precious in western eyes, and setting more store by values spiritual, perhaps comes nearer to the attainment of the great pearl of happiness?

Such questions the reader of Mr. le May's book must answer for himself.

FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE.

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Father Mississippi

Father Mississippi, by Lyle Saxon. New York: The Century Company. 427 pages. $5.

IN New Orleans despondent people are always killing themselves. "Fast women and slow horses" drive many men every year to throw themselves into the Mississippi. The restful river invites them. But for weeks during the great flood of 1927, while the water was swirling at the top of the levees, nobody jumped in. The suicides were not afraid of death. What they were afraid of was the Mississippi River. The river that had invited them to its bosom had become a tremendous and malignant thing. Those who were about to die dared not salute it.

Everyone who knows the Mississippi understands that fear. Lyle Saxon has explained it for all in "Father Mississippi," which brings you closer to this benignant and devilish river than any work that has yet been done. The fascination and terror of the river, its soft charm and dreadful power—the river gives and the river takes away—are in this book interpreted so well that anyone, however far from the levee, will feel them like reality. For "Father Mississippi" opens with an adroit and beautiful introduction that leaves crevasse water roaring in your ears and, after a survey of all that the river was and is, closes on the note of the great flood of 1927. You will not soon forget it.

"Father Mississippi" introduces to the general public a Southern author whose creative work has attracted the attention of the anthologists. Of all the new Southern writers of prose—William Alexander Percy writes poetry—Lyle Saxon probably most truly represents in his own personality the genuine spirit of the South.

"Plantation," the opening section of "Father Mississippi," is, I believe, the finest interpretation of plantation life yet done in American literature. The author introduces you to the river as he was introduced to it as a child on a Louisiana plantation behind the levee. His reminiscences are charming, done with simplicity and dignity. Compared with this quiet, direct autobiography, the customary plantation literature of the South—invariably either mawkishly sentimental or offensively vainglorious—is pure twaddle. The work is delightful in its sympathy and humor, and vividly pictorial.

After you have seen, through Lyle Saxon's eyes, the crevasse that swept the plantation he loved off the map, you are prepared to appreciate the Mississippi River and understand the problem of the Mississippi Valley. The author accordingly settles down to business, giving, with delightful interludes, the history of the river.

In his introduction, Lyle Saxon explains that this large, fat, pleasantly discursive volume is a sort of scrap-book on the river. The interludes in the running narrative add fascination to the whole. Among them you find Molly Glass, the murderess, who was hanged, after her hand had first been cut off, in the public square in New Orleans, in 1781, for incredible cruelties practised on a fifteen-year-old girl; the diary of Mrs. Martha Martin, who came from Tennessee to the Bayou Teche in 1809 (she met Lafitte, by the way); Flugel's diary of a trip down the river over a hundred years ago; and a diverting description of the visit of the Illinois Indians to Louis XV, and the subsequent history of the Indian princess that married Captain Dubois, whose romanticism cost him his scalp.

Lyle Saxon utilizes his sources with an admirable sense of selection, letting the pioneers—Hennepin, Tonty and all—speak for themselves. The historical survey covers the entire period, from the days of exploration through the development of the great steamboat traffic to the present. The pirates, the gamblers, the etiquette of the floating palaces, the steamboat races—everything is presented, with emphasis always on the picturesque. The old devil river is in the foreground, the valley in the background, throughout.

The last section of "Father Mississippi" deals with the flood of 1927. Here is a chronology of the flood, and, in vivid sketches from first hand, poignant glimpses of the tragedy and suffering that attended the disaster in the lower valley. Lyle Saxon was in the midst of it.

A copy of "Father Mississippi" should be in the hands of every Congressman. The book explains the problems of flood control so that even a Congressman can grasp them. Charts enlighten the uninitiated. The tone of the entire work drives home the necessity of preventing a recurrence of the disasters of the past.

The collection of photographs with which the volume is illustrated is superb. One wonders how the mischief Lyle Saxon ever assembled them.

JOHN MCCLURE.

Archer and Shaw

Three Plays, by William Archer, with a foreword by Bernard Shaw. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 269 pages. $2.50.

THIS book contains three plays by the late William Archer, two of them in blank verse; and a memoir of Archer by Bernard Shaw. Like all Shaw's portraits of this kind, the memoir is extremely interesting: Shaw writes of Archer with singular sympathy. Archer was commonly described, says Shaw, as a "dour Scot, without the slightest sense of humor, hard, logical, with an ability that was always in cold storage." On the contrary, Shaw explains, under an incredibly stolid manner, which was the result of a self-repression partly hereditary, he was a most amiable man, with a lively sense of humor and capable of the deepest feeling. "Accustomed as I was to this," says Shaw, "he amazed even me once. He had just completed his translation of Ibsen's 'Little Eyolf'; and he read it to two or three friends of whom I was one. His reading was clear, intelligent, cold, without a trace of emotion, and rather wooden in the more moving passages. When he came to the last pages he suddenly handed me the book, and said, formally and with a marked access of woodenness, 'Shaw: I must ask you to finish the reading for me. My feelings will not allow me to proceed.'"

He had, says Shaw, a good deal of the temperament and some of the gifts of a poet; and, if it had been possible, in London at the time, to support oneself by poetry, would probably have written much more verse. And this should not sound to us like a paradox: Archer is often blamed for the baldness of Ibsen's prose plays in their English translation; but his version of "Brand"—if not to the same degree of "Peer Gynt"—is first-rate English verse which shows a good deal of original ability on the part of the translator. He cared little, Shaw explains, for Ibsen's "sociological views." Archer's prefaces, in this connection, are a safer guide than Shaw. "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" fastened upon that modern Sophocles a whole baggage of doctrinaire opinions for which no evidence is to be found in the plays themselves, but which, in the minds of English readers and playgoers, have clung to Ibsen ever since. Ibsen had the mind of a modern man: he understood the social

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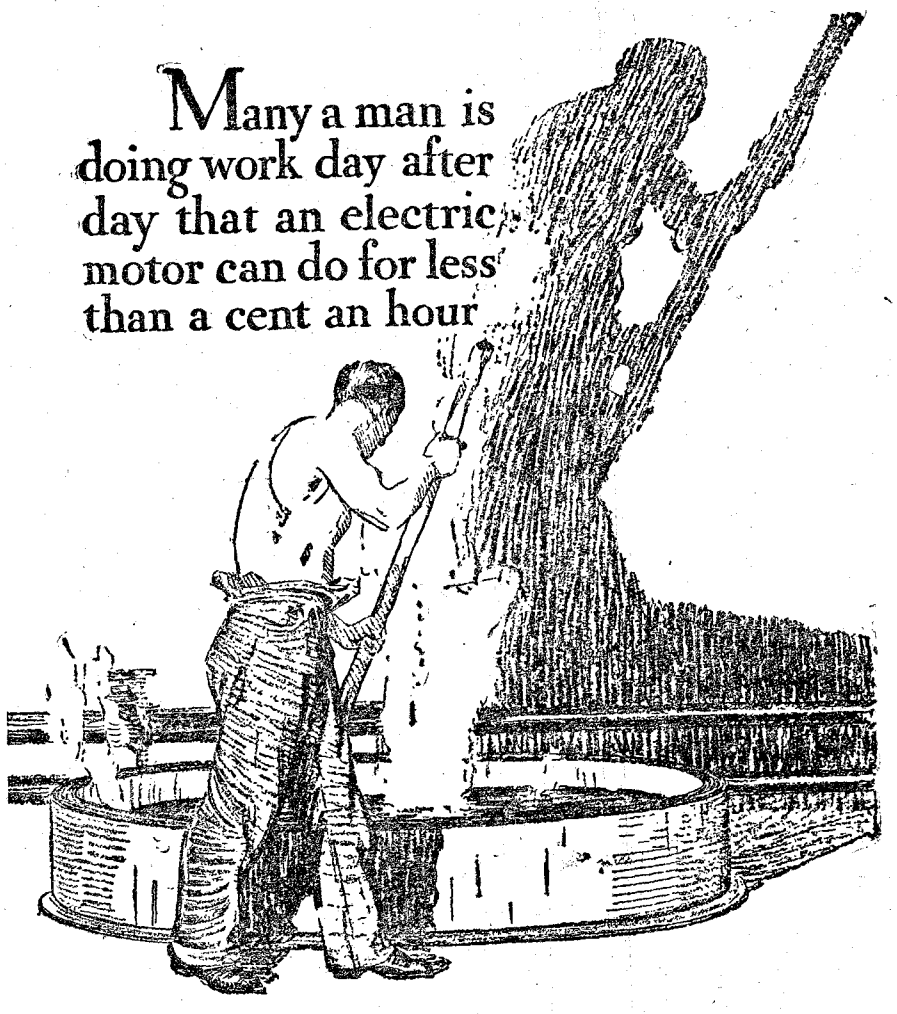

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structure of Europe, as Sophocles or Shakespeare did not; but his interest in human life was not preëminently social, like that of Brieux, for example: it was almost entirely moral. E. W.

Recent Fiction

Simple Stories, by Archibald Marshall. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THESE sketches, reprinted from the files of Punch, are written with the candid, unpunctuated simplicity of a child—a child, that is, who has had all the advantages of a grown-up. But there is little of the satirical about them, no more, really, than is implicit in all humor. These are of the quiet, Punch-like variety, by a hard-working novelist in his off-hours. It is the kind of gentle fooling which Americans, though they are quite sure they appreciate it, find distinctly foreign. We like our humor with more bite to it, a bitterer flavor, even when, as with some of Ring Lardner's, it is quite mad.

The Red Dragon, by Lewis Stanton Palen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

NOT unlike Joan of Arc, Mr. Palen has chosen his path and gone down it like a thunderbolt. The sheep and the goats divide as he passes, as if by magic. But Mr. Palen's magic is simple enough: he knows what's what. This is right; that is wrong. The book is about China, by the way, but it needn't have been. Henty, no less than Rupert Brooke, carried his landscape with him round the world. Mr. Palen's bed-time story tells of how a young American consul in China, very undiplomatic, but altogether heroic, discovers the plottings of the native secret societies to overthrow the government, and of his subsequent adventures. It would be unkind to call the book anti-Nationalist propaganda, so we refrain. But we cannot help betting—almost any amount you like—that some such sinister author as Jacob Abbott had a malign influence over Mr. Palen's youth.

Lovely Ladies, by Ferrin L. Fraser. New York: J. A. Sears and Company. $2.50.

LOVELY LADIES" is flip, improbable and pert. Though it gets off to a bad start because the beginning has not quite the courage of its pertness, it wears its manner more easily as it proceeds. The series of lightly amorous adventures that befall one too-attractive young man bear no semblance to reality, and are not intended to—they are meant, rather, to help lovely ladies, on their way to the office, while away the tedium of the subway rush hour. And this "Lovely Ladies" will do well enough, so they shall pass unmolested on their way, with no hard words from me.

Not for Publication, by Clara Sharpe Hough. New York: The Century Company. $2.

AS an almost tangible picture of a newspaper office, "Not for Publication" is first-rate; as a novel about men and women, as opposed to newspaper men and newspaper women, it is not so good. The fascination which a newspaper man has for a layman depends in large part on the inhumanity which a newspaper office at full speed seems to cultivate. To the naïve eye of an outsider, murder, death and catastrophe are the breath of life to these servants of the press, and the more horror there is, the more gleefully impersonal do they become. But when the clock strikes, the magic armor falls off, they are vulnerable, hungry, quarrelsome as the rest of us. The author's position in the midst of the Banner's city room is well chosen, and she is evidently at home there, but once outside the office, her assurance falters. It is as though a competent reporter had been called upon to interpret a love story. The facts may be there, but something more essential is lacking, and without that essential, the facts are unconvincing. Her newspaper office is grand, but her men and women are really not for publication.

The Miracle Boy, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. GOLDING is gradually conquering his cleverness. It still gets away from him, when he is not stern with it, but his grip is tightening. "The Miracle Boy," as a novel, is a great improvement over "Store of Ladies." The story can be taken in any one of several ways. On the face of it, it is the tale of how a Tyrolese peasant boy, a quite unextraordinary painter of crude frescoes, became, through starvation and jilted love, a miracle-worker; and how, after his death, his life grew to a legend, and himself a god to some, a devil to others. We are not interested in what interpretation Mr. Golding puts upon this story, and this is no small praise for his art. It is only when he intrudes his own elliptic omniscience that we are irritated; and, to give him his due, he is learning better manners. And, when it comes to putting sentences together, Mr. Golding's smooth example should make most of our American fumblers turn their pens into plough-shares.

Little Sins, by Katharine Brush. New York: Minton, Balch. $2.

LITTLE SINS" is lightly and brightly written, a tale of cocktail parties and sprightly back-chat among the young moneyed set—who are probably its most enthusiastic readers. The heroine is done with a keenly malicious eye, and the dialogue is as pat as an expertly made Alexander. The author's little sin, which most of her readers will forgive her—but this one never—is a sentimentality which hardly grates on us at all in the beginning, but grows to such alarming proportions with the story that at the end we are hardly surprised when a moral, of quite incongruous and forbidding aspect, sneaks up behind us and bites us severely. T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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